

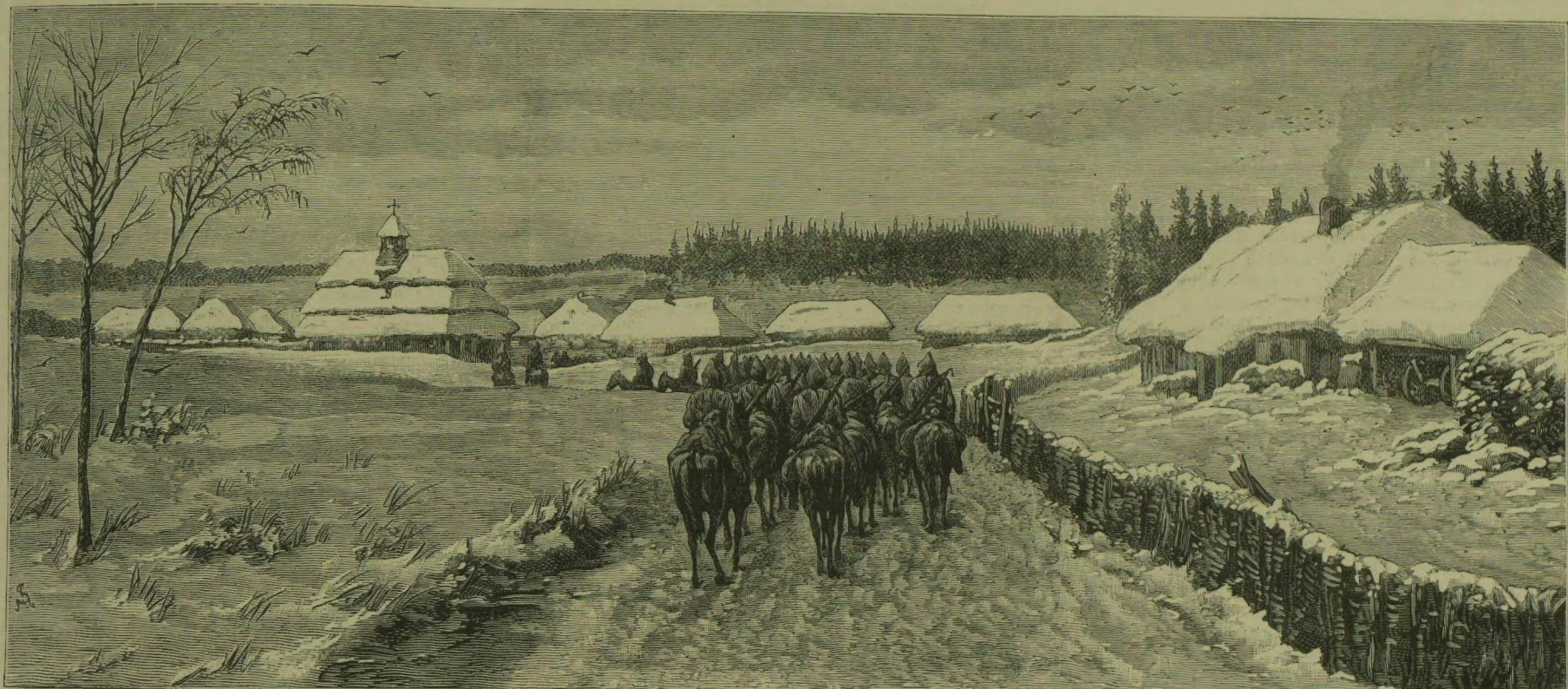
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THE ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: RUSSIAN DRAGOONS ON THE MARCH BETWEEN IVANOWITZ AND SKALA (AUSTRIAN FRONTIER).



CANADIAN ARTILLERY: TESTING A NEW PATTERN FIELD-GUN SLEIGH ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, AT QUEBEC.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I wish someone would have the patience (for I confess I am dreadfully stupid about it) to explain to me the details—the ins and outs—of the great leg-before-wicket question. I am all for the leg before the wicket: I would rather wear defensive armour of the most cumbrous kind, and be put out fifty times (and I am very easily “put out”), than get a blow on the shin; but I have an idea that this partisanship is without knowledge. There is more than meets the eye, or, at all events, my eye, in the controversy. What I object to is the pretence which other people make of understanding it who are as ignorant as myself. The familiarity with which the point in dispute is treated by editors of newspapers, for example, is positively indecent. What can they know about it? If the game were “Nurr and Spell” they might be acquainted with the latter part of it, but their cricket I should fancy is mostly “on the hearth.” Yet to hear them talk—or rather read what they write—one would think their round of life had been “the Oval.” I extract from one of their leading articles as follows:—“That bowlers may change ends as often as they please (provided that no one bowls two overs in succession) is a change as needful as wise.” “Overs” is here obviously a clerical error for “over”; it is clearly high time that something should be done when a man has bowled two over; in my opinion, one such accident is enough. And what does it mean by “changing ends”? Are they Skye terriers, so that it doesn't matter which way you look at them? As the scribe goes on he becomes still more mysterious. “Bowlers often change ends when they are not doing well, Jones taking Brown's end, and Brown taking Jones's.” I have often heard Jones say, “I wish I had Brown's head-piece,” and *vice-versâ*; but I had always thought it a mere complimentary expression, incapable of being practically carried out. I say nothing about “the determination of the counties to begin at eleven o'clock,” because I can make neither head nor tail of it. The limits of counties I always understood were settled by land measure. The moral question is, however, made a little more intelligible. My leading article writer says he has “no sympathy with scientific legging.” I hope not, indeed, though there is much too much of it about. We are a good deal humbugged, I fancy, by the men of science. I don't go so far as Hampden, junior, who asserts that the earth is as flat as a flounder, and that the astronomers know it; but I have always had a suspicion that it is not quite so round as some people would have us believe. If one dips into any report of scientific “proceedings,” it is quite frightful to see how men with half the alphabet after their names will use the whole of it in applying unpleasant adjectives, suggesting mendacity, to one another. I wish to part good friends with my scribe—for, after all, he is not the only person who writes with confidence about matters other than cricket-balls which are not at his finger-ends—and am happy to agree with his concluding remarks: “If with any part of his body a man wilfully stops a ball, which would have otherwise hit the wicket, it should be pronounced unfair.” Well, of course, it would be unfair to any part of the body, and the tenderer it was, the worse; but “unfair” seems hardly the word. To one who has watched the velocity of a cricket-ball, and felt its hardness, it seems incredible that anybody should be fool enough to try it. If the bat can't stop the ball, try your hat; but, at all events, not your leg before wicket.

There is another little thing I should like to have some information about—sham battles. These, I am told, are of the greatest use to the country; but as they are at present described they are not of the slightest use to me. There have been as many columns in the newspapers about the late Easter manoeuvres as in the Volunteer forces engaged in them; but they give me no information whatever. It is not that they have no interest for me, for I admire and respect our Volunteers beyond measure. They are the only body of men, except jurors and witnesses, who give the State their services almost gratuitously, and, like them, they are most scurvily treated by it. Talk of martyrs; if martyrs get no money, they get a great deal of credit (and, perhaps, eventually a canonry); but here are men getting up on their March mornings by gaslight, travelling hundreds of miles by rail, standing, anything but “at ease,” in snow and mud for hours, repelling the assaults of an invisible enemy with blank cartridges till dusk; and not only not being paid for it, but losing their day's work—perhaps to be told after all's done, by somebody who gets £10,000 a year for looking on, that they were “a little unsteady” in marching past him. It is surely reasonable that the efforts of these patriotic persons should be made intelligible to their admirers. How can one understand a game the object of which is never explained to one, even when it is over? “The authorities,” no doubt, know all about it; but in that case they are bound to secrecy, for they keep the matter most inviolably to themselves. There have been great generals who (after retirement with a pension) have confessed that the issue of all engagements depends on luck. In that case, it would be much better before battle to toss up, when the whole thing (unless one lost the coin) wouldn't cost a halfpenny. But if there is anything in the game of war, it is surely explicable. It is no use giving us “maps of the district,” with little arrows pointing, like mad weathercocks, in all directions, without telling us what they are pointing at. A yacht-race is bad enough, where one always confuses the drown-you-for-a-shilling-a-head sailing-boat, or the Revenue cutter, with the competitors, and the one that comes in first, a mile a-head, is never the winner (because of tonnage); but it is clearness itself compared with a sham battle. It requires the talents of the Marchioness, who could pretend so much that she thought orange-peel and water, Madeira, to understand it; or the audacity of a Dick Swiveller to say one does.

It is something to have a crime imputed to one, though one may be wholly innocent of it, which (like the stone that

slew Goliath) has “never entered into the head of anyone before.” I have even heard that a reward has been promised, probably by a sensational novelist, for an effort of genius in that direction. It presupposes, at all events, imagination and originality of no mean order. An individual has been recently accused of forging the certificate of the tonsure of a priest. I have some fancy, but I confess, even in its wildest flight, an offence of this kind has never occurred to me. I should as soon have thought of forging an anchor—and that, of course, has been done before. In old times, the alleged offence, which now seems rather absurd than serious, would doubtless have been considered a very grave one, only to be purged by the fires of Smithfield. Though it is only too justly asserted that crimes against property are treated much more harshly than those against the person, the present state of things is at least not nearly so bad as it used to be. Forgery of bills and bank-notes was the unforgivable sin. “If Dr. Dodd is saved,” said stern Lord Thurlow, “the brothers Perreau have been murdered”; and, indeed, their case was a very hard one. Almost the only instance of pardon for this crime was owing to the personal action of George III. At the York Assizes in 1803, a clerk was tried for forgery and condemned to death. A Baptist minister, who had been a friend of his father, addressed the King in a most moving petition, and, contrary to his expectations, it prevailed, and a reprieve was granted. That a solicitation from such a quarter had succeeded, when similar applications, supported by great interest, had uniformly failed, excited much public surprise, and the explanation was curious. In the year previous, a divine, preaching before the Royal family, quoted an eloquent passage from a living author whose name he did not mention. The King, always attentive to sermons, noted the extract, and after service inquired whence it came. Being informed that the author was a dissenting preacher in Yorkshire he sent for his sermon, which was forwarded with a modest letter. His Majesty expressed a wish to serve him at any time; and the occasion the good minister chose was to ask for the life of his friend's son.

Charles Dickens was a long-suffering and very charitable man, but where he got impatient with people was when they would identify living characters with the Beast in the Apocalypse. It is an old device, and only requires a little juggling with numbers to bring him home to almost anybody. The last individual who has attained this proud but not uncommon distinction is General Boulanger. A modern divine has fixed the year 1896 for the universal overturn with the General on the top of us. The correspondent of an evening paper has, however, identified the reverend gentleman himself as the author of a work that passed through many editions, which demonstrated with mathematical accuracy that the same thing was to happen to the world in 1871, at the hands of Napoleon III. One really cannot stand this. It may be wrong for a prophet to have no honour in his own country; but he can hardly expect it when the term of his prophecy has been completed, and nothing has come of it. It is a question even if one cannot recover the money one has spent on his books, which has been evidently obtained on false pretences. That he should start again on the same tack, with the date deferred, and another Universal Destroyer, is intolerable. Prophets of this sort, it must be admitted, are placed in some little difficulty; for if they put their catastrophe too far off, nobody pays any attention to them, and if near, as in this case, they soon stand confuted. I remember, thirty years ago or so—what is now very rare—a witty sermon, preached in the Grey Friars' Church, in Edinburgh, upon a well-known prophesying divine, whose works had an enormous circulation. “He gives this earth of ours,” said the preacher, “but a very little time to exist, and yet, as I am informed, he sells his books for the ordinary term of copyright, and educates his daughters in a manner that can be hardly of much use to them unless they should reach a marriage age.” This struck me as a much more polished way of putting it than: “He still takes his coals in by the ton.”

Everyone knows the lucky prophecy which made the fortune of “Zadkiel's Almanac.” In China, it seems, the almanac—published by the Government only—is considered of the utmost importance, as its chief mission is to foretell what times and places will be lucky for performing all the acts of everyday life. We are told that the new Chinese Minister to Germany refused to sail on a day declared by this veracious publication to be unlucky, and that the departure of the German mail-steamer was delayed in consequence. I wonder whether any stroke of good fortune such as happened to Zadkiel was the original cause of this? As a rule, our English prophets—except those numerous ones who affirm “they always told us so” after the event—have not been great successes. The luckiest one was an Irish poet scourged by Pope, called De la Cour. He had an idea that, like Socrates, he was attended by a demon, who enabled him to foresee future events. During our siege of Havannah he predicted very confidently at the end of June that it would be taken on Aug. 14, which turned out to be the very day of its surrender. This established his reputation, and he went on prophesying to the remainder of his days, and was never right again.

There are some of us, no doubt, to whom the eating of a hot cross bun would be an act of penance that would well suit Good Friday. These buns, it is said, are not what they were: a disagreeable spice has been introduced into them, and, when buttered, they are especially unwholesome. I read, in an irreverent journal, that a blue-coat boy, when receiving his annual refreshment at the Mansion House, on Easter Monday, turned up his nose at it. An official observed the gesture, and hastened to admit that buns were not what they used to be. “Oh, it's not your bun, but your wine,” returned the graceless boy. I dare say the story was invented, but it illustrates the prevailing opinion of the decadence of Easter buns. Perhaps, however, it is only because we are not so young as we were, and have lost not only our appetite for

them, but the digestion that should wait upon it. A lady, I see, who ate only twelve of them last Good Friday did not require, like Mr. Weller's friend, after his three shillings' worth of crumpets, to shoot herself afterwards—they killed her. The esteem in which this doubtful dainty is held among the poorer classes is evident from the indignation with which the refusal of some of the guardians of our workhouses to supply their inmates with it has been received. It seemed to these poor people, we are told, “almost like the denial of a religious rite.” Yet the hot cross bun can now scarcely claim the extraordinary popularity which it once possessed. An advertisement lies before me, issued in 1793—a very troublous time—by the proprietress of the Royal Bun-House, Chelsea:—“Good Friday. No Cross Buns.—Mrs. Hand respectfully informs her friends and the public that, in consequence of the great concourse of people which assembles before her house at a very early hour on the morning of Good Friday, by which her neighbours (with whom she always lived in friendship and repute) have been much alarmed and annoyed, and since to encourage or countenance a tumultuous assembly at this period might be attended with serious consequences, she is determined, though much to her loss, not to sell Cross Buns on that day to any person whatever, but Chelsea Buns only.”

ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT.

A complete account of the organisation of the Russian Army was given, with a series of illustrations, in several Numbers of this Journal towards the end of January. It was explained that, by the changes introduced of late years, all the cavalry of that army, except the Cossacks, were transformed into what was the original Dragoon type, adapted rather to act as mounted infantry than to charge the enemy on horseback. Even the Lancers and Hussars have undergone this change, and are now armed with rifles, and drilled to manoeuvre on foot, alighting from their horses; these troops form a large proportion of the forces assembled in Poland, and could be rapidly moved either to the northern, the western, or the southern frontier of that province, to encounter any advance of the Prussian Army, on the one side, or of the Austrians, on the other, in case of a war between those two Allied Powers and the Russian Empire. On the frontier of Galicia, the Austrian province north of the Carpathians, and especially on the banks of the Vistula above Cracow, the active movements of large bodies of Russian dragoons have excited serious apprehensions. One of our correspondents there sends us a sketch of such body of troops marching westward from Ivanowitz to Skala, with what object could not easily be ascertained, the actual distribution of the forces collected in that part of the Russian territory being strictly concealed from public knowledge. But it is more than doubtful whether Russia yet possesses the means of conveying the stores and supplies necessary for the real campaign at a distance from her main fortresses, the country being unprovided with railways to the west of Warsaw, and the roads being almost impassable for artillery and heavy waggons, except in summer and dry weather. The communications, on the other hand, with Germany and Austria seem to be nearly as perfect as the Governments of those Empires can desire for military service in defence of their own frontiers; while their geographical position is such as to command an entrance into Poland on three sides, with a possibility of cutting it off from Russia by an advance simultaneously in concerted action.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS IN CANADA.

The approaching departure of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne from Canada will, no doubt, recall to those who have enjoyed their hospitality at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, many agreeable skating, tobogganing and snow-shoeing parties there. Every winter a series of these delightful entertainments has been given; and it must be with feelings of regret that those who have enjoyed them find that they are at length at an end. But no doubt their Excellencies' successors will find every facility in the shape of snow and ice, and eager participants to continue such enjoyable sports, and doubtless these pleasures will be repeated in years to come. We are indebted to Captain R. W. Rutherford, of the Canadian Artillery Regiment, for several sketches, one of which is a view taken from the top of one of the toboggan slides, showing the skating and curling rinks and Rideau Hall, with Ottawa and the Parliament buildings in the distance; but the one that we have engraved is a view of a skating-pond, with the skaters twining the Maypole on the ice.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

In St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on March 10, Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., was married to Miss Hare, eldest daughter of the Hon. Hugh Hare. Lord Zouche was the bridegroom's best man. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by six bridesmaids—Miss Katherine Hare and Miss Florence Hare, sisters of the bride; Miss Heneage, and Miss Mary Heneage, and Miss Miriam Larking, cousins of the bride; and Miss Sybil Lennox, niece of the bridegroom. Many notabilities were present at the marriage and reception.

The marriage of Sir Richard Sutton, Bart., with Miss Constance Corbet, daughter of Sir Vincent Corbet, Bart., took place on April 5 in St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. Mr. Edward Brooke attended the bridegroom as best man; and the seven bridesmaids were the Misses Mabel and Gertrude Corbet, sisters of the bride; Misses Maud and Nina Sutton, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Aleen Cust and Miss Gwendolen Lloyd, cousins of the bride; and Miss Stewart, of St. Fort. The bride arrived at the church at half-past two o'clock, and was led to the chancel steps by her father, who afterwards gave her away. The service was fully choral.

The marriage of Mr. Henry Dutton, of Hinton House, Alresford, with Miss Blanche Cave, second daughter of Mr. Laurence Cave, of 13, Lowndes-square and Ditcham Park, Petersfield, took place on March 4 at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The service was fully choral. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two pages, Master Athol Liddell and Master Rowland Greenwood. The four children bridesmaids were Miss Margaret Cave, sister, and Miss Elsie Greenwood, cousin of the bride, Miss Dorothy Ponsonby, cousin of the bridegroom, and Miss Mary Dormer.

Lord and Lady Hampden will celebrate their golden wedding on April 16. Oddly enough, the 16th falls on a Monday, as in 1833, when Mr. Henry Brand, of the Coldstream Guards, led to the altar of St. George's, Hanover-square, Eliza, daughter of Major-General Ellice. There will be festivities at Glyde in honour of the occasion. Lord Hampden, who has recently returned from a winter in the Riviera in improved health, is now in his seventy-fourth year.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO FLORENCE.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, residing at the Villa Palmieri, has enjoyed the opportunity of seeing various objects and scenes of peculiar interest in Florence. One of the most curious was the spectacle in front of the Duomo, on March 31, "Holy Saturday," when it is customary to exhibit the display of igniting a car-load of fireworks by a rocket shot from the church, with the figure of a dove attached to the rocket. The rocket itself is discharged by the priest applying to it fire obtained from striking particular fragments of stone, which are reputed sacred as having once formed part of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is said that this custom had its origin from Pazzino dei Pazzi, who went to the Crusades, and was the first to plant the Christian flag on the walls of Jerusalem. Amongst the rewards and honours he received from Godfrey of Bouillon, the General in command of the army, was the gift of these three pieces of stone, which were formerly kept in the Church of San Biagio, but now in that of the Santissimi Apostoli, at Florence. The custom is that on the morning of Holy Saturday sparks of fire are struck from these stones by the priest, and a candle lighted from these sparks is carried in a lantern to the cathedral, and is there blessed according to the rites of the Romish Church. An immense triumphal car, given by the noble family of the Pazzi, prepared with fireworks, and drawn by four splendid white oxen, with gilt horns and garlands of flowers and gay trappings, stands in front of the cathedral. A cord is extended from the choir of the church to the car outside, and the figure of the dove is in readiness with the rocket attached to it. During the Mass—when the "Gloria in Excelsis" is sung—the priest applies a light from the holy candle to the rocket, and the dove flies hissing through the church along the cord, and thus communicates the sacred fire to the fireworks in the car. A tremendous popping and banging immediately begins, and the dove flies back into the church. This ceremony is also repeated at the Canto de' Pazzi. Many country people come to witness this ceremony. It is amusing to watch their eager, anxious faces gazing at the car. They have a superstitious belief that if the dove flies straight to the car and makes it explode well, there will be an abundant harvest, and their joy and excitement when they see the dove arrive is unbounded. But if, as sometimes happens, the dove goes wrong, they return to their homes sad and dejected, believing that their crops will be ruined, and that all their labour has been in vain. When Florence became the capital of Italy, in 1865, the authorities of the city wished to suppress this custom; but the people insisted on the continuance of their traditional ceremony, and so it still goes on. Our Queen and a number of Royal and distinguished visitors were spectators of this amusing scene, from the Orphanage of the Bigallo, which had been elegantly prepared and decorated with flowers for the occasion. The Queen was received at the Bigallo by the Prefect, Signor Gadda, and by the Syndic, Marquis Torrigiani, and the representatives of the Society of the Bigallo. The Queen of Servia, accompanied by the Duke of Leuchtenberg, was at a window on the first floor. As Queen Victoria drove away she was greeted with cordial acclamations by the people, clapping their hands and waving their hats and handkerchiefs.

Her Majesty has visited the famous picture-galleries of Florence, the National Museum, the principal churches, the fashionable promenade of the Cascine, the Boboli Gardens, Belosguardo, and various interesting places in the city and its neighbourhood. The Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, left Florence on April 2, for Naples and Malta. The Queen visited the King and Queen of Wurtemberg at Quarto; his Majesty, being an invalid, could not come to the Villa Palmieri. On the evening of Wednesday, April 4, King Humbert and Queen Margherita of Italy arrived from Rome, to visit the Queen of England. They stayed at the Pitti Palace; next day, their Majesties, attended by Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, went to visit our Queen at the Villa Palmieri; at a later hour in the afternoon, our Queen returned their visit at the Pitti Palace. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil were also at Florence, and exchanged visits with Queen Victoria, who met them again at the Pitti Palace on Friday, April 6, when she lunched there with the King and Queen of Italy; and Queen Natalie of Servia was one of the Royal guests. King Humbert and his Queen returned to Rome on the same day.

THE BRITISH MISSION IN ABYSSINIA.

In connection with the apprehended renewal of hostilities on the Red Sea coast between the Italian Government and the army of King John of Abyssinia, commanded by Ras Alula, we have mentioned that a British diplomatic agent, Mr. Portal, was sent into that country, about the end of last year, to obtain an interview with the King, and to offer his services in the way of friendly mediation. The Abyssinian military commander, as if the actual ruler of the territory near the sea-coast, appears to have taken on himself, perhaps without due warrant from his Sovereign, the endeavour to cause every possible delay and obstacle in the journey of the British commissioner, and, under pretences for which there was no justification, detained him ten days at Asmona, with his staff and attendants, in close confinement, the manner of which is somewhat illustrated by the Sketch we have engraved for this week's publication. It is sent to us from Cairo by an officer attached to the Egyptian Army, Captain J. R. D. Buch, who accompanied Mr. Portal's staff; and it represents the hut in which the accredited agent of the British Government and those belonging to him were actually imprisoned. This rude habitation, like others common in this half-civilised country, is roofed with branches of trees and bundles of grass; two or three such huts stand within an inclosure formed by a hedge of branches and thorns. The interior is not divided into apartments, except a narrow stall for a horse; and there is no furniture. A guard of ten Abyssinian soldiers supplied the sentries, one of whom is represented standing in front of the hut. These men are dressed in the "shamma," a white cotton garment, nearly square, with a broad bright red stripe down the centre. They are armed with Remington rifles and swords worn on the right thigh. Mr. Portal's detention at Asmona was not pleasant, and there was some uncertainty whether our countrymen might not be doomed to suffer even worse treatment; but when a message from the King arrived, they were allowed to proceed on their mission. It was difficult to find his Majesty, who was moving about from one place to another. Mr. Portal, however, with his followers, travelling on mules, at length overtook King John, who is not entirely a stranger to the English, being the identical Prince Kassai, the ruler of Tigre, in 1868, who was interviewed by Lord Napier of Magdala on his return from defeating the famous King Theodore. This potentate gave audience to Mr. Portal, and professed the most laudable sentiments; but no terms of peace could be settled that would be satisfactory to the Italian Government. Presents were given, and some apology was made for the conduct of Ras Alula. We now learn that the Abyssinian army has retreated, and it is rumoured that Ras Alula is deprived of his command.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury is probably the only Peer to whom the Easter vacation brought little or no relaxation—no lightening of the cares and burdens of the Premiership. Happily, the Prime Minister's shoulders are broad enough in every respect to bear them all. The noble Marquis, on Monday the Ninth of April, travelled from London to Bangor; and, after staying the night, as the guest of Mr. Assheton Smith, at Vagnol Park, on Tuesday proceeded to Carnarvon, where, at a large and enthusiastic meeting in the Pavilion, presided over by Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the Premier delivered a vigorous address. Lord Salisbury's power of voice and lucidity of expression remain undiminished. Confident and loud enunciation of opinion always sways some minds. Having no Lord Granville to immediately answer him, the Marquis of Salisbury, in emphatic periods, deprecated the idea that the foreign policy he pursued was but a continuation of the noble Earl's. With Lord Rosebery's administration at the Foreign Office the Prime Minister avowed himself in accord. The remaining points of his speech were apt tributes to the late and the present Emperor of Germany, laudation of Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Ritchie for their financial, diplomatic, and administrative services, and a lively protest against the notion that the County Government Bill was a Radical measure. Concluding with an earnest argument in favour of the maintenance of the union between the United Kingdom and Ireland, his Lordship was rewarded with a speech of thanks in Welsh, and with a torchlight procession. On returning to town, Lord Salisbury was greeted by the Earl of Dunraven's dilettante and complicated Bill for the reform of the House of Lords—an amateurish measure that can only lead to a repetition of the academic discussion raised by Lord Rosebery.

To the unconcealed satisfaction of Mr. W. H. Smith, the Commons quickly proceeded to business on reassembling, after their brief Easter holiday, on the Fifth of April. So rapidly, indeed, did the House get into Committee of Supply that even punctilious and pedantic Mr. Leonard Courtenay was taken by surprise, and had, as Mr. Harry Furniss humorously delineates him in *Punch*, to rival a "quick-change artist" in the celerity with which he donned the evening-dress suit custom ordains the Chairman of Committees should wear.

The aspect of the House when the Government are securing thousands or millions in Committee is usually the same, and says little for the public spirit of the great majority of members. There is generally a beggarly array of empty benches. Such was the case on the reopening night. The votes for the Royal Parks being under consideration, barely forty members were present. True to his part of public economist, Mr. Henry Labouchere was in his corner seat below the gangway on the Opposition side of the House, and the hon. member was, with a certain prim neatness, supported in his plea for thrift by Mr. Pickersgill, who has, in manner and appearance, a curious resemblance to Mr. Sims Reeves as he sings in honeyed accents, "his form was one of manliest beauty." With lucid intervals of eloquence between his stammerings, Mr. Plunket defended the expenditure as urbane First Commissioner of Works; and Lord Randolph Churchill from his coign of vantage kept a watchful eye on the Treasury bench in company with Mr. Hanbury, a rising Conservative, who is certain to take Ministerial rank ere long. As a matter of course, Ministers secured their votes. None the less deserving of honourable mention are those who, like Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Pickersgill, make up for the marked neglect and deficiencies of the front Opposition bench by steadfast advocacy of economy in public expenditure.

Mr. Chamberlain bears his blushing honours, heaped upon him from all quarters, with characteristic complacency. The fact of his having launched a fresh National Radical Union in Birmingham to safeguard a union Mr. Gladstone, for one, has no idea of threatening, detracted not a whit from the cordiality of the reception Mr. Chamberlain met with at the Devonshire Club dinner in his honour on the Ninth of April, when Earl Granville graced the chair, and genially congratulated the right hon. gentleman upon the success of his mission to pacifically arrange the fishery disputes between the United States and Canada. Whilst Mr. Chamberlain, in the course of his statesmanlike speech, expressed a hope that the prevailing sentiment in favour of Confederation might some day bear fruit—on this point disagreeing with the unsentimental ideas of Mr. Bright—it happened that Lord Randolph Churchill, as President of the Edgbaston Conservative Club, was the same evening delighting a large gathering in the Birmingham Townhall by glorification of the Government and of Tory-Democratic principles. By-the-way, the other day I came across an old print of the great Duke of Marlborough, bearing a strong likeness, especially in the largeness of the eyes and saucy tilt of the nose, to Lord Randolph Churchill.

Mr. Gladstone, strengthened anew for the Parliamentary plan of campaign by flitting from country house to country house during the Recess, reappeared in his place in the House of Commons on the Ninth of April to deliver a somewhat mild criticism on the Budget of Mr. Goschen. The ever-faithful Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Arnold Morley were near the veteran Liberal Leader; and the Marquis of Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Heneage clung fast to the Liberal Unionist corner of the front Opposition bench. On the whole, Mr. Gladstone did not disapprove of Mr. Goschen's scheme. Reduction of the Income Tax by a penny in the pound was commended. He foreshadowed an amendment to increase the death duty on real property, the adoption of which proposal would enable Mr. Goschen to avoid levying various small new taxes which threatened to be vexatious. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the same conciliatory spirit, justified his financial statement; and certain of the Budget resolutions were agreed to. On a previous evening the right hon. gentleman made the satisfactory announcement that he would consider if the burden of the tax on doctors' horses could not be reduced. It may be also stated that dissatisfaction with the new wheel tax has greatly increased both in town and country.

Sir Edward Watkin, on the following evening, elicited an important avowal from the First Lord of the Treasury. Mr. Smith repeated that the Government had no intention of proceeding, this Session, with a Local Government Bill for Ireland; but significantly added that there would be no indisposition to extend the improved system to Ireland "when it is made clear that the people are prepared to receive it and to work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Throne and Constitution."

The Local Government Bill for England and Wales is not to escape close criticism. Mr. Arnold Morley, as chief Liberal whip, called a meeting of Liberal members for the Thirteenth of April to discuss with Mr. Stansfeld the provisions of the Ministerial measure skilfully introduced by Mr. Ritchie.

Major Templer has been honourably acquitted by the court-martial at Chatham of the various charges which have been preferred against him, including that of divulging secret information with regard to military ballooning.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT ALGIERS.

The church of the Holy Trinity, at Algiers, is one of the most interesting and beautiful buildings of its kind out of England. It may bear comparison with the Guards' Memorial Chapel at the Wellington Barracks in London. The Consulate at Algiers is the oldest established by our Government in any country. It has been the special task of Sir Lambert Playfair, our present Consul-General, to make this church a place of national memorials of such of our countrymen as have been honourably connected with the past history of Algiers; of those who have undergone captivity there; and of all who have died there since the French conquest. This has been accomplished by using the splendid Numidian marbles recently discovered in Algeria. A podium has been erected all round the nave, crowned by a double frieze of memorial tablets. In addition, all the windows, eighteen in number, have been filled in with stained glass, generally with memorial brasses attached, to commemorate historical personages or private individuals. One is in honour of Bruce the traveller, who was Consul-General here from 1762 to 1765. Another commemorates the gallant exploit of Lord Exmouth in 1816, when, by his great victory, he liberated 3000 Christian captives, and for ever abolished slavery in the Barbary States; the next is devoted to his brave companion-in-arms, the Dutch Admiral Van Capellan. On the walls are several large mural tablets, one being a record of all the Consuls since 1580.

The apse of the church is what we have chosen for our Illustration. It has a reposed of coloured marble, above which the walls are covered with marble mosaics executed by Mr. Buck, the well-known decorator of the Guards' Memorial Chapel. This work was the local celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee. Two tablets of Numidian marble have been placed by American visitors in the nave, one being commemorative of Commodore Decatur, of the United States Navy.

SLEIGHS FOR FIELD ARTILLERY.

The winter equipment for field batteries has been the subject of numerous experiments lately tried by the Russians, and has attracted considerable attention among military men. The Russian artillery applied ordinary wood sleighs for the purpose of transport, which necessitated the guns being transferred to wheels before they could come into action. A military correspondent in Canada, namely, Captain R. W. Rutherford, has favoured us with an Illustration of the Canadian artillery at Quebec testing a new pattern sleigh-carriage for a field-gun, on the ice of the River St. Lawrence, with a view of the city and fortress in the background, which appears on our front page. Being Adjutant of the School of Artillery there, his explanation of this improvement, designed by himself, has some military interest. Its principle is a separate sleigh, or "Bob" as it is called there, for the gun-carriage, and one for the limber. Each "Bob" is so built as to be alterable to suit the gauge of any snow road, which is important in Canada, as the width of the track varies in the different provinces. They are each provided with a "toboggan" bottom to prevent them from sinking into the deep snow. The draught and equipment are the same as on wheels, and there is the same drill; the gun-carriage and limber are merely lifted off the wheels and put on the sleigh. When not in use, the sleigh is easily packed for transport, and two waggons carry all the sleigh outfit for a field battery of four guns, with ammunition and other needments. The arrangement is so designed that the gun, whether on wheels or on the sleigh, is always ready for action; in firing it, the recoil is checked by iron chains passed under the runners, as in the old pattern sleigh. This new sleigh has been thoroughly tested in deep snow, over the roughest and heaviest roads. It has been fired with service charges, and, in fact, tried in every possible way; and has been found to work most satisfactorily in every respect. It has been favourably reported upon to head-quarters in Canada for the winter equipment of the field batteries throughout the Dominion.

A NEW TYPE OF TORPEDO-BOAT.

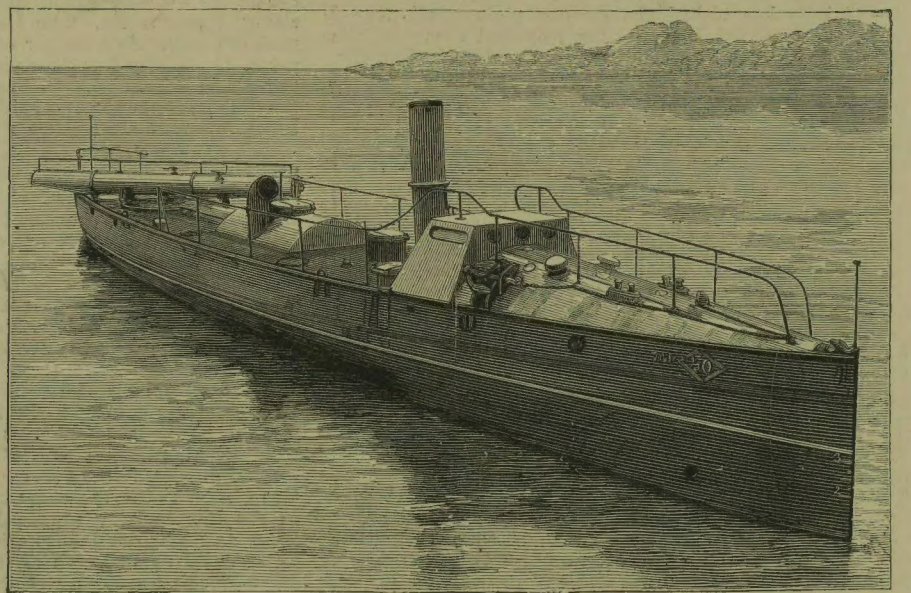
The evolution of the torpedo-boat should form an interesting chapter of naval history. The latest type of the second class presents various modifications which have been suggested by experience and worked out by those who have made torpedo-boat construction their speciality. In aiming at speed the earlier boats were made very long and very narrow, to the detriment of their seagoing qualities. There are about fifty boats of the second class in the British Navy, but they are so crank and uncomfortable that they are never used except for torpedo practice, and are hardly of any use in a rough sea. About a year ago the Admiralty invited the leading torpedo-boat constructors to submit proposals for a class of boat free from the proved defects of the existing type. The result has been the new boat designed and built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., of Poplar. One has been delivered at Portsmouth, and the other, which will be sent round to Chatham, was exhibited in the Thames a few days ago, first to a number of naval attachés, and afterwards to representatives of the press. Somewhat shorter and with 20 per cent more beam, she has greater stability, is roomier, and can be worked with more comfort, while her speed, instead of being diminished, has been increased by a knot. Her dimensions are 60 ft. in length by 8 ft. 6 in. beam, and when fully loaded she can steam seventeen knots per hour. The machinery consists of a locomotive boiler and triple expansion engines. This boat has an upright stem and fore turtle deck, ending in a rifle-bullet proof conning-tower, containing the steering-wheel. The rapidity and ease with which she turned in the Thames proved her handiness and remarkably good steering power. As to the armament, a revolving torpedo gun is fixed aft, from which a torpedo can be ejected at any angle while the boat is going at full speed. By the old design the torpedo was fired from the bow, which necessitated the boat being slowed almost to the point of stopping, thereby increasing the danger from the enemy's machine-guns. A small Nordenfeldt will also be carried, and, if thought desirable to use the craft as a gun-boat, a quick-firing gun could take the place of the torpedo gun. The idea of the Admiralty is to have not only a superior torpedo-boat, but one that can be adapted for the purposes served by a pinnaque, which will have the double advantage of economising space on the ironclad carrying it, and securing its constant use, whereby the men will become familiar with its working. The Admiralty intend to supersede the whole of the present second-class boats by the new type, and no doubt foreign Governments will also secure the new design. With some naval authorities, it is a question whether for purposes of defence these new "second-class" boats will not take the place of the first-class boats, which, it may be explained, differ not in quality but in size from those of the second-class. A first-class boat costs, owing to her size, far more than a second-class boat; in fact, three or four second-class boats can be purchased for the price of a first-class one; consequently a greater defensive force could be obtained, for a given sum, by substituting the small boats for the large ones. Messrs. Yarrow's new boat is, therefore, the type of a class which may prove of some importance.



AMUSEMENTS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, CANADA: THE MAYPOLE IN WINTER.



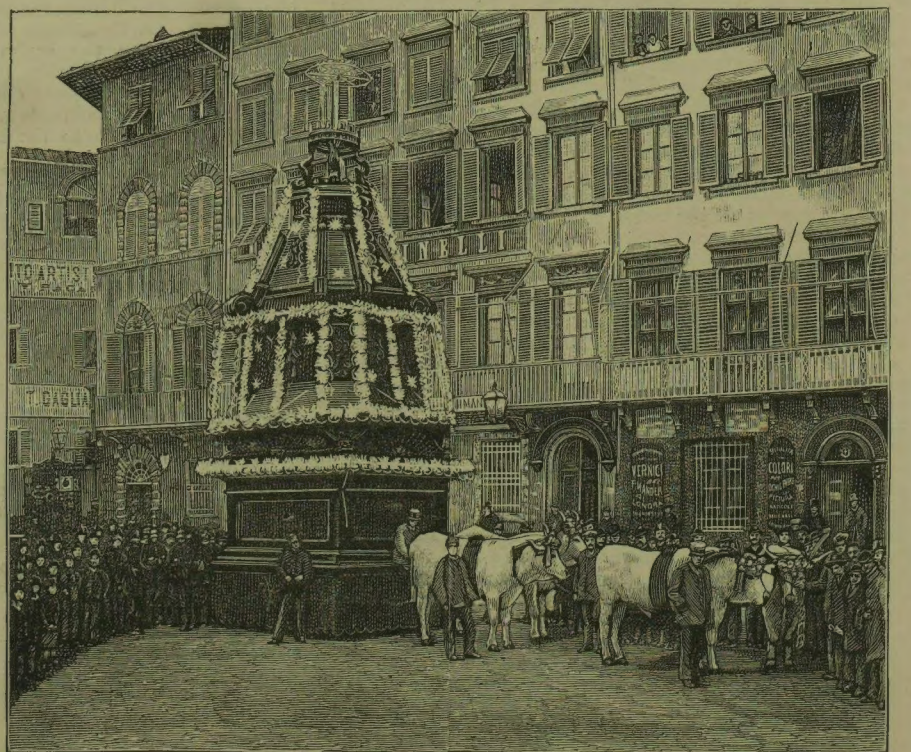
HUT IN WHICH MR. PORTAL WAS CONFINED BY THE ABYSSINIANS AT ASMARA.



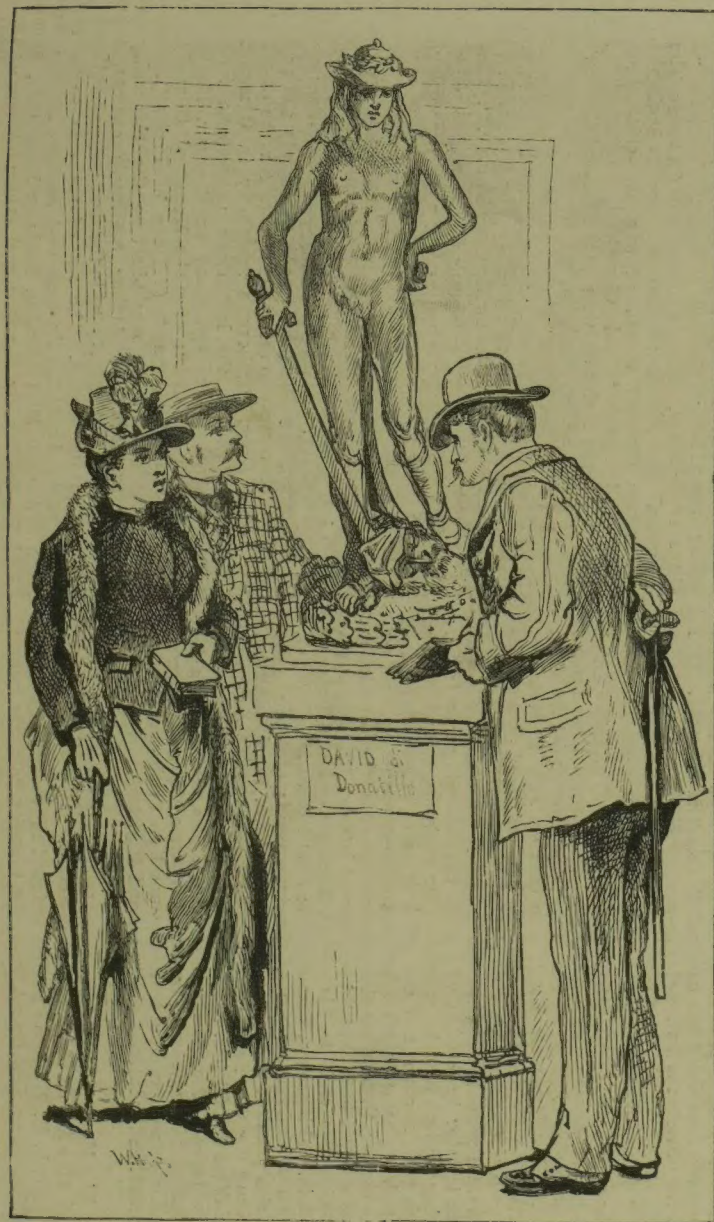
NEW TORPEDO-BOAT BUILT FOR THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.



NEW ADORNMENTS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT ALGIERS.



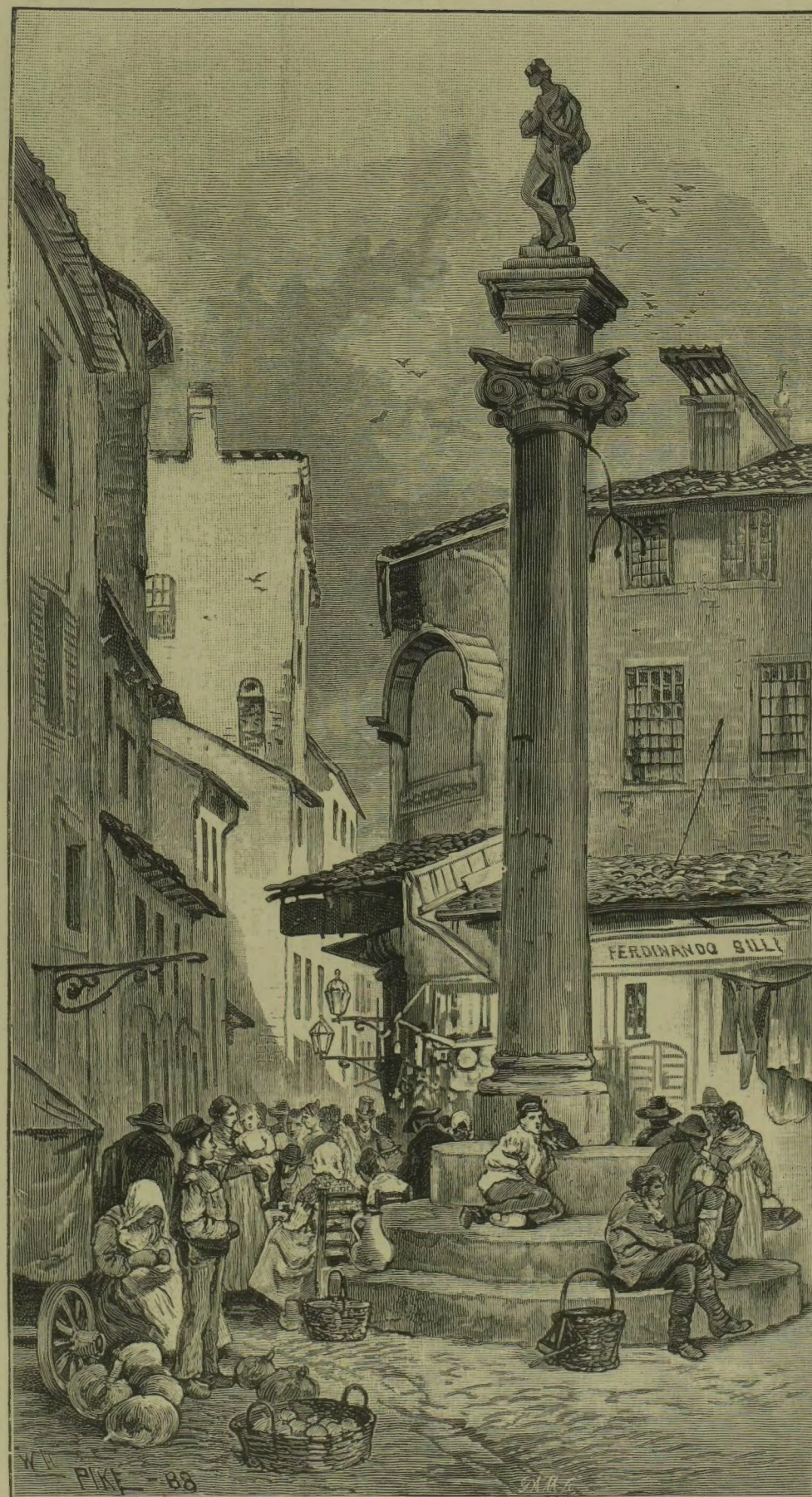
THE QUEEN IN FLORENCE: CAR USED IN THE CEREMONY OF THE "DOVE AND CAR."



BRONZE STATUE OF DAVID.



ROMAN RUG-SELLERS ON THE LUNGARNO.



THE MERCATO VECCHIO.



THE CAMPANILE, FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.



PIAZZA DELLA CALZA, PORTA ROMANA.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The exceedingly low prices attached to most of the hand needlework prepared for the forthcoming exhibition at Glasgow should give pause to the advocates of the present system of teaching needlework in our primary schools. Needlework is there taught, not in a way to be useful to the children in the life which is necessarily destined for the vast majority of them—it is taught as an industrial occupation. The style of work demanded by the authorities of the Education Department is not that which will be needed in the working-man's home, by most domestic servants, or by females engaged in any industrial employment, excepting only the few who take up fine needlework as a means of earning a living, and the other few who become ladies'-maids, or parlour-maids, or children's nurses. To supply the comparatively small number of women required for these employments, the girls of the whole country are taught needlework in a way that is useless to them for their future lives, that is injurious to their eyesight, and that squanders a large proportion—generally one-fifth—of their too brief school-time. In short, needlework is taught in Board and denominational schools, not as a domestic art to be used in private life, but as an industrial art to be followed for money. All girls are compelled to sacrifice time and eyesight to learning this art in our schools, while there is but a small demand for it, and therefore the remuneration to be got for it is cruelly low. It is this latter fact, being made so perceptible at the recent preliminary exhibition in London, that should produce some effect upon the ladies who urge on the school study of needlework as an industrial art. Nobody can, it is true, have waited till now to learn that hand-sewing is one of the most miserably-paid and naturally overstocked of female employments; but it was forcibly brought home to one by seeing what was to be seen there. Full-sized garments, made by hand in the most elaborate fashion, with the finest of tucks in row upon row, frills set on, embroidery let in, fancy feather-stitching lavishly employed, were to be bought at from twelve shillings to a pound each, material included. At this price, only the barest daily pittance could possibly be earned by the needlewoman. Yet even these prices would be considered high by ladies, in comparison with those at which similar work is sold in shops.

With this in mind, I could take no pleasure in the exquisitely fine hemming and stitching shown at Lord Aberdeen's house as the work of girls in elementary schools. Much of it was so fine that it almost needed the aid of a microscope to discern the individual stitches. There was a quantity of "Swiss darning"—that is, darning in patterns to imitate exactly the design of a woven texture: fine threads up and down and in and out, producing, after vast expenditure of time and eyesight and care, the same effect on a square inch of fabric that a weaving-machine does in a few seconds. There was "grafting"—a patch put in from underneath, the stitches not showing on the right side at all—another slow performance, too costly in time and labour to be employed except on fine table-linen and the like. But the elaborate, tiny back-stitching, the wee hems and tucks with almost imperceptible needle-marks, and the rest of the plainest description of work, pained me most, as I thought of the thousands of little maidens sitting in their schools painfully learning to work thus, as they may never work in all their after-lives. What a labouring girl needs is to learn to hem, sew, and stitch firmly and neatly, but not with this microscopic fineness and closeness, which are the luxuries of the rich, and which it would be utterly out of place for a busy poor woman to spend time and labour on putting into her own and her children's garments. Then the working-girl wants to learn to patch neatly but rapidly, to darn, and to cut out garments for ordinary wear, and fix and make them. These are the things she will need as a working-man's wife, as the mother of a poor family, or as a general servant, factory hand, or sewing machinist. Yet these are the things such girls do not, as a fact, learn at school, their needlework hours being all wasted in practising infinitesimal stitches, so that they have no time to learn how to cut out and fix their own dresses and ordinary clothing, or how to put a practical patch on a genuine hole.

Lent and Court mourning having passed by, dressmakers are beginning to be busy, and the great houses to show their newest ideas in every department of dress. Two things are quite clear: that this is to be a season of striped fabrics, and that silk is to be a very fashionable material. It is always a critical period when stripes are in fashion, for, by the irony of the grotesque imp who seems to rule many of us when we select our costume, it is sure to be just the people who shouldn't have anything to do with stripes who are certain sure to be found patronising that fashion in materials! Very tall and slender women become like giraffes if they wear stripes going straight down the figure. Little women are more in danger from broad stripes, which have no room to display themselves on the small backs, and accordingly, all broken up, give an irregular zebra-like appearance to the casual view. But the wise woman will take thought in these matters. If she be tall and very slim, she may have her stripes cut "on the cross," a plan which is fashionable, both for bodices and skirts; the stripes thus pass downwards, it is true, but slantingly instead of perpendicularly, and so the excessive elongation and narrowing of the too slender figure is prevented. Those who are tall and stout may wear broad stripes; if the bodice be nicely cut, so that one stripe goes down the centre of the back and narrows in to a complete point just before reaching the waist, while others look as though they were bretelles, the edge of the centre of the back and that of each side-piece neatly meeting to produce this effect, the broad, tall figure is thereby refined and shown to advantage. Very little women may patronise narrow stripes, going straight down, with benefit to their appearance, as from these they gain a modicum of height.

Silks are much used, in combination with cloth, cashmere, and even beige and other of the rougher woollen goods. The draperies are all long and straight from the waist, only just caught up enough to avoid a stiff appearance, so that a little ingenuity is required to introduce two materials without destroying this characteristic. Two materials are, nevertheless, general, except in "tailor" gowns, for which the most fashionable adornment is either braiding on the material or "pinked" edgings of some contrasting colour or stuff. The second material may be shown only as a band round the bottom of the skirt, revealed by the lifting of the draperies, and collar, cuffs, and revers of the material employed for the edging; as, for example, heliotrope cloth with velvet of the same colour, but deeper shade, for trimming, or grey cashmere with shot-green and grey silk similarly placed. Panels and vests are still fashionable; they are now, however, usually not made quite plain and flat, but are themselves arranged with a little fullness or in some rather fanciful manner. Thus silk panels are smocked near the waist, falling thence in folds to the hem; or a different method of obtaining the same effect is to run three or four rows of gathers over thick piping-cord at the top of the panel. Vests, too, are honeycombed at the top, or tucked horizontally from collar to bust, or made in two halves with a handkerchief point left out at the top to fall about as it will. More on this subject next week.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SKETCHES OF FLORENCE.

Our Illustrations show some features of "the Etrurian Athens," as Byron has called Florence, certainly not for any resemblance of outward aspect, but in commemoration of the works of Florentine genius in literature and the fine arts, the refined social life, and the enterprising public spirit, of the famed Italian Commonwealth. Though Florence is really, on the whole, much less beautiful, and very much less grand and venerable, than some other old cities, its associations speak most powerfully to instructed intelligence, being chiefly those of mental superiority, of the fullest exercise of thought, invention, and industry in labours of humanising grace and culture, instead of the triumphs of imperial power. The civilisation of the Middle Ages, and subsequently that of the Renaissance, attained their height in this city; and we owe a great deal to them, as well as to the so-called "classical" examples of Greece and Rome. This consideration, above all, presents itself to the minds of educated persons visiting Florence; and the English and the Americans, whose literary treasures of early date are in some measure indebted to Italian influences, have proved most sensible of the obligation. Nowhere in foreign cities have so many accomplished and distinguished countrymen of ours preferred to reside for purposes of study and contemplation.

It is not worth much as a place of mere amusement. The streets are sombre, though not squalid; they call it "the City of Flowers," but that is a notion borrowed from the name, which properly means, "The Flourishing"; or perhaps from the lilies borne in the heraldic arms of the city. There are beautiful views of the town from the neighbouring hills; in the ancient quarters one sees noble old palaces, several fine churches, and much graceful decorative sculpture; but the general effect is "triste." The Arno is a poor, feeble, inanimate river, except when swollen into a muddy flood that becomes a nuisance; the Ponte Vecchio is only quaint. On the paved river-banks, called the Lungarno, there is no lively bustle; here and there stand persons offering for sale particular commodities, such as the "Roman rugs" exhibited in one of our Sketches. The popular life of the city is found, actively associated with that of the rustic neighbourhood, in the Mercato Vecchio, where the briskness and vigour of the Tuscan race find expression in bargaining and chattering without end; this reminds one of the scenes in George Eliot's "Romola," which are as true now as four centuries ago. The Mercato Nuovo, or newer market-place, is adorned with an architectural Loggia, built by the Medici, and with a bronze boar presiding over a fountain. The Florentine populace, in general, are civil and amiable in their manners, but as ignorant, though not so excitable, as those of Naples; yet a drunkard is seldom met with, and there are no "roughs." These are the descendants of those sturdy Republican wool-combers, weavers, dyers, smiths, and other craftsmen, who used to muster by thousands in the militia of their trade guilds, ready to fight for the liberties of the Commonwealth, and to batter down the fortresses of the Ghibelline nobles, or to march with swords and pikes against the army of a league of hostile cities.

The most beautiful architectural edifice of Florence, externally, not excepting the noble Duomo, is the lovely Campanile, or Bell Tower, which rises apart from the cathedral, though pertaining to it, a square tower, 292 ft. high, of four storeys, decorated with exquisite tracery in the Italian Gothic style, and its lower part covered with sculptured bas-reliefs and statues that demand admiring inspection. These represent the prophets and the evangelists, the cardinal virtues, the beatitudes, the sacraments of the Church, and the progress of mankind from the creation to the civilised state; they are the work of Giotto, Andrea Pisano, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, and other Tuscan sculptors. This tower, designed and commenced by Giotto in 1334, is pronounced by Ruskin "the model of perfect architecture": it is certainly not surpassed in grace and elegance by any other structure of that kind. Of the cathedral, Santa Maria del Fiore, we have spoken on former occasions, and of the church of Santa Croce.

The contents of the different galleries of paintings and sculpture in Florence would take long to enumerate: those of the Uffizi and the Palazzo Pitti are the most valued collections. Michel Angelo, a mighty Florentine genius, though his more famous works are in Rome, has left several of his grand creations to his own city. The figures of Day and Night, Dawn and Twilight, in the sepulchral chapel of the Medici, in the church of San Lorenzo, are perhaps his greatest achievement as a sculptor. At the Academy of Arts is now placed his colossal statue of David, which used to stand before the Palazzo Vecchio. We have a cast of it at South Kensington, and a reproduction of the others at the Crystal Palace. The bronze statue of David, by Donatello, is in the National Museum at the Bargello.

The city gates on the roads going north and south out of Florence are of some historical interest. Twenty-five years ago the city was inclosed by walls all round. In Oltr' Arno, on the left bank of the river, the street that passes the Pitti Palace leads to the Porta Romana, beyond the Boboli Gardens. Near this is a church named "Della Calza," or the "Stocking Church," from a peculiarity in the costume of the monks formerly inhabiting the convent to which it belonged. One of our Sketches is a view of this part of Florence.

COUNT CORTI'S WILL.

The will (dated Constantinople, Sept. 29, 1883) of Conte Luigi Corti dei Marchesi di San Stefano Belbo, some time Italian Ambassador to England, and late of the Albergo del Quirinal, No. 6, Via Nazionale, Rome, who died on Feb. 18 last, was proved in England on April 6, by the Most Illustrious Marchesi Gaspare Maria Corti, the nephew, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator begins his will with the following words: "It being prudent to make provision for one's decease, while the judgment is sound and the mind at peace"; he then recommends his name to his relatives and friends, and declares, on his honour, that he has always served his country with fidelity and love, without thought of personal interest. He bequeaths 100,000 lire each to his sisters, Emilia Corti and Casanga d'Oria, and his niece, Bianca Belli; 5000 lire to Dr. Savatori, for his kindness to him at Constantinople; 1000 lire to the parish priest of the place where he was born, for distribution among the poor; and other specific legacies and bequests to relatives and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, the Marchese Gaspare Maria Corti, whom he appoints his universal heir. He also leaves him all his papers, and recommends him to take counsel as to the publication thereof in the interest of himself and of history.

The Marquis of Ripon opens to-day (April 14) an Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition at Scarborough.

Mr. L. H. R. Phipps having resigned the mastership of the Cattistock or West Dorset Hunt, Mr. Chandos Pole, late master of the Meynell Hunt, has been chosen to fill the vacant position. Mr. Pole promises to hunt the country two, if not three, days a week on the present subscription of £800 a year.

MUSIC.

Easter, with its prevalence of amusements and entertainments, brought with it the usual comparative lull of London music; only comparative, however, for there is scarcely any period of the year when musical performances of some kind or other are not going on.

The twentieth, and last but one, of the present series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, on April 7, brought forward, for the first time here, an orchestral symphony by Antonin Dvorák. It is one of four such works produced by its composer, and is earlier in point of composition than the two other symphonies of his previously heard in England, although it is classed as the third, and bears the opus number 76. The symphony now specially referred to consists of four divisions—"Allegro ma non troppo," "Andante con moto," "Allegretto scherzando," and "Allegro molto." In each division there is some very characteristic writing, with much highly effective orchestral colouring. Perhaps the best—as being the most coherent—movements are the second, with its prevailing melodious grace, and the third, with its piquant vivacity and the well-contrasted trio. The first and final movements are vigorous in subject and treatment, but somewhat vague and diffuse in structure. Another specialty at the concert referred to was the first appearance here of Herr Wessely, from Vienna, who played (as his principal performance) Spohr's seventh violin concerto, and displayed a pure and agreeable—if not powerful—tone, and much fluent skill in the command of bow and finger-board. Familiar vocal pieces were effectively contributed by Madame Valleria; other items calling for no mention.

The Saturday afternoon concerts at the Albert Hall, which began on March 31, have already been referred to by us. The programme of the second concert, on April 7, was of a similarly varied and attractive character.

The extraordinary young pianist, Otto Hegner, whose admirable performances have already been commented on by us, gave a third recital at Prince's Hall on April 11, when his programme was similar to that of a previous occasion.

Mr. E. Braham, violoncellist, announced an evening concert, with the co-operation of Misses L. Lehmann and L. Little as vocalists, and Miss E. Upton as pianist, at Steinway Hall on April 12, when Herr Max Schraftenholz and his sons, Masters Ernest and Leo, were to give their second trio recital at Steinway Hall.

That skilful young violinist, Miss Winifred Robinson, announces an afternoon concert, for April 17, at Prince's Hall, with the co-operation of several other estimable artists—Miss E. and Master H. Bauer giving a musical evening at Prince's Hall on the same date.

The popular young vocalist known as Nikita is to appear again at a morning concert at the Royal Albert Hall on April 18, when the programme will comprise other special attractions.

The third Philharmonic concert of the new season takes place at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, April 19, when M. Widor will conduct his new music to "A Walpurgis Night"—composed expressly for the society.

Mrs. M. A. Carlisle announces her annual afternoon concert to take place at Prince's Hall on May 10, when her own performances and those of several eminent artists will constitute an agreeable programme.

A concert recently given by the band of the Royal Artillery at Woolwich brought forward a new symphony by M. Zaverthal (the conductor), who had previously produced some works abroad that made a highly favourable impression. The symphony now referred to possesses merit enough to entitle it to a metropolitan hearing.

Mr. Ambrose Austin, for thirty years manager of concert and other arrangements at St. James's Hall, is on the point of retiring from that position. His businesslike tact and skill, his invariable courtesy and cheerful readiness to oblige, have won for him the highest esteem from members of the profession, and from the multitude of visitors to the hall whose comfort, convenience, and safety have been greatly contributed to by his forethought and administrative talent. The sense of Mr. Austin's worth is so largely felt that it is intended to mark it by a testimonial concert, to take place on Wednesday evening, June 13, in furtherance of which the following eminent artists have already promised to contribute their services:—Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Patey, Antoinette Sterling, and Trebelli; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Maybrick, Mr. Santley, Mr. W. G. Cusins, and Dr. Hans Richter. The intrinsic interest of the promised performances, added to the special nature of the occasion, will doubtless secure a very large attendance. The balance of the amount received, after defraying necessary expenses, will be appropriated to a parting gift for presentation to Mr. Austin.

A fund is being raised in aid of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, whose operatic speculations of late have not been successful. Mr. Mapleson has had a long career as manager of Italian operas at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Italian Opera House, and Drury-Lane Theatre, and during the period he has first produced in this country some highly important works, among them being Gounod's "Faust," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," Bizet's "Carmen," Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon," and Boito's "Mefistofele," besides having revived some grand classical operas of a past period, including Gluck's "Iphigenie" and Cherubini's "Medea." Many eminent dramatic singers were also first made known to the English public by Mr. Mapleson, whose name is prominently associated with the history of operatic art in England during the long period of his career. A committee has been formed for the promotion of the object referred to, the members being Mr. Thomas Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. C. Ollier, 168, New Bond-street; and Mr. A. Hays, 1, Royal Exchange-buildings; Mr. W. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street, acting as treasurer to receive subscriptions.

We have previously adverted to the arrangements for some of the forthcoming provincial musical festivals. The earliest will be that at Chester, which will take place on July 25, 26, and 27; special services being held in the cathedral on the previous Sunday. The festival will open with "Elijah"; on the following morning (also in the cathedral) the performances will comprise two motets composed for the occasion by Mr. Oliver King, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Verdi's "Requiem"; the last day's programme including Schubert's uncompleted symphony in B minor, Beethoven's "Egredi" (an adaptation of "The Mount of Olives"), and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang" ("Hymn of Praise"). There will be concerts in the music-hall on the Wednesday and Thursday evenings; Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata, "The Golden Legend," being included in the first and a miscellaneous selection in the second. The list of the solo vocalists at present engaged contains the names of Madame Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Damian, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brereton, and others. There will be a complete orchestra (led by Herr Straus) and a sufficient choral body; and the performances will be conducted by Dr. J. C. Bridge.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It would be curious to know for what possible reason Lovell's "Wife's Secret" was revived at the St. James's Theatre. It is not an interesting play, it is not a good play, it is not a well-written play, and it has remained dead and decently buried since it was laid aside by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who bought it for starring purposes, who made a success in it away in America, produced it at the Haymarket in 1848, and made this silly, namby-pamby story popular at the authorised Windsor Castle private theatricals. It may be it was in view of a starring tour in America, or a projected tour in the provinces, or a prospective command night at Court, that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal dragged out from well-merited oblivion this curious compilation of tawdry artifice that passed for drama and was accepted as poetry forty years ago. The listless reception by an audience almost wholly composed of friends, the depression that settled on the countenances of those who had been beguiled into spending so dismal an evening, the atmosphere of gaiety that had suddenly been changed into the weariness of the conventicle, will probably persuade the Kendals to spare their American friends and provincial acquaintances the infliction of "The Wife's Secret." Experience teaches that neither America nor the provinces require dull, preachy plays, nor do they desire to be spoon-fed with goody-goody homilies cut up into dramatic lengths. At any rate, if the changes on the husband-and-wife motive are to be so eternally rung from the solemn and weather-beaten dramatic belfry, let us have a merrier peal than this. The wife's pursued, hunted, and persecuted brother, who is taken by an indignant husband for her lover, belongs to the very alphabet of dramatic literature. It is the spelling-book of the stage. It is offered to babes and sucklings, not to robust men and women. But even "The Wife's Secret" might be forgiven if the play were approached in any new or interesting fashion by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The one is for the most part wholly destitute of imagination, and the other momentarily regardless of true sentiment. It is a costume-play, and the costumes are pretty, and the "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing" did very well, and "Lady Clancarty" was an opportunity for some artistic finery, and the people like actors and actresses who dress up and make pretty pictures; so why not "The Wife's Secret" as well as anything else? This question of costume, be it known, has no indirect bearing on the acting. Mrs. Kendal—admirable artist as she is—has adopted what may be called a "don't-touch-me, dear, or-you-will-spoil-my-gown" sort of attitude in costume plays. She does not appear to be comfortable or at home in her newest of dresses. She acts in a curve or semicircle, with her head well forward and her body in retreat. She appears to have in Cavalier plays an evident horror of spurs and sword hilts. She looks as if she were saying to herself, "Keep as far off as possible, and for goodness' sake don't tread upon my dress, for it is very beautiful and new, and it would be a pity to spoil it; now, wouldn't it, don't you know?" Luckily, Miss Fanny Brough had no dress to disturb her artistic energy. She was in simple homespun with short skirts that were never in contact with rending spurs, and she played a small part as well as it could be played—a charming specimen of bright and wholesome comedy. This old play does not warm up until the conclusion, and then, as good fortune would have it, Lady Eveline wore a velvet gown that would not soil, and Sir Walter had removed the implements of war. So they both abandoned themselves to such passion as the scene possesses, they both acted in something of the old style, and won such applause as a play of this pattern deserves to receive. Mr. Lewis Waller, a clever, handsome, and earnest young actor, played the Cavalier brother remarkably well, and Mr. Charles Burleigh made an excellent page. But in spite of the pretty scenery, the smart dresses—and uncommonly smart they were—the presence of such favourites as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the curiosity connected with an old play, the result was merely a *succès d'estime*. Very few amongst the audience would have been rash enough to rush up and book places for another night. Two scraps of advice may, however, be conscientiously given. The shadow on the blind or curtain should be instantly restored, as in the original play, and in view of the fever for costume of the newest and gayest pattern Sir Walter and Lady Eveline should be Royalists, and Mr. Lewis Waller turned into a Commonwealth man. That would adjust the balance whether it is right or wrong for a follower of the Lord Protector to be as smart as the deposed Stuarts.

What should we all do for our fun without Frank Burnand? He is the last survivor of a merry band of brothers, who, in the old days, lightened our cares at the play. Kindly, tender-hearted Frank Talfourd has long ago left us; the Brothers Brough have years ago joined the majority; H. J. Byron is at rest in Brompton Cemetery—"Alas! poor Yorick!" Robert Reece, somehow or other, has drifted out of fun-making, and is strangely silent. The old order changeth, giving place to new; and we hear of burlesques and extravaganzas looming in the distance by Henry Pettitt. Next, we shall see Sidney Grundy as a joker, and the grave W. G. Wills turning out rhymed couplets. Meanwhile, Burnand sticks steadily to his own task, and advancing years certainly do not make him dull. He is the accepted parodist of the successful playwright. Did he not, in "Diplunacy," hit off the comic points of "Diplomacy," making Marius imitate Bancroft's Count Orloff, and suggesting to clever little Lottie Venne that she should hit off Mrs. Bancroft as Ziska? Has not Mr. Toole appeared made up after Wilson Barrett in "Paw Claudian," and joined with clever Maria Linden in laughing at the eccentricities of Berton and Sarah Bernhardt in "Stage Dora"? All these "skits" were so clever that it was thought difficult to excel them; but in many respects "Airey Annie," now causing such laughter at the Strand, is the best of all. Mrs. Campbell Praed's "Ariane" held its ground firmly against the attacks of the "serious critics"; it will be seen if the walls of its gingerbread fortress fall to the squeak of Mr. Punch's pipes. The great difficulty in securing success for these trifles is to select a company that will be at once appreciative of the joke and able to tell a good story funnily. The author has found a veritable treasure in Miss M. Ayrton, who burlesques Mrs. Bernard Beere to the very life. The appearance, the voice, the walk, the little exaggerations in voice and gesture, are exactly reproduced, and the clever young actress is as serious as a judge throughout the entire performance. Almost as clever in a different way are the Chevalier of Miss Alice Atherton, made up after, and exactly reproducing, the style of M. Marius; and the inoffensive echo of Henry Neville, in the laughter-moving performance of Willie Edouin. Add to these, bright and clever Miss Grace Huntley and Mr. Chevalier, who appears as the Irish D'Acosta, and you have a compact and clever little company burlesquing a popular and much-talked-of play in exactly the right spirit. It has been objected—and it is a frivolous objection—that, take away the acting, and where is the merit of the burlesque? It would be just as sensible to abuse Grevin because he does not elaborately finish his caricatures. For light, frothy acting of this kind, a light book and lighter music are required. We do not put beef-steak into an omelette soufflé. No! "Airey Annie" is a capital

and successful parody, and a vote of thanks ought to be awarded to Mr. Burnand for giving us the first laugh of the Easter season.

Perhaps intentionally, perhaps unconsciously, Mr. Nisbet gave us another amusing entertainment the other morning. Much has been heard of a new melodrama called "Dorothy Gray"—new in a double sense: new in idea and new in treatment—that was to succeed the "Mystery of a Hansom Cab," if approved at the trial-trip. In it we were to see some novel effects of the electric-light and wonders innumerable. The management must have been joking. The author must have been poking fun at us. The story of "Dorothy Gray" is one common to the ordinary stereotyped, well-worn melodrama. An innocent village maiden is ruined by the man who loves her and has offered her marriage; about to become a mother, she attempts to commit suicide, is saved, changes her name, becomes an operatic singer, obtains fame, and eventually in society meets the man who has wronged her. After a curious interval of shilly-shallying, she refuses the man she obviously ought to marry; and, having gone stark, staring mad, is restored to reason, and is united to her old love. Whereupon a garrulous grandmother says to the poor little illegitimate child, "Now, my dear, I can tell you to do what I did not dare to do before. Embrace your father!" But the high-born lady of the English aristocracy is the most curious figure ever introduced to a modern play by a man of cleverness, tact, and observation. How Miss Maude Milton must have been astonished when she was asked to play a lady, born and bred, who gratuitously insults the operatic artist, to whom she is introduced abroad, by bidding her come to one of her parties in order to sing for a handsome cheque, and who indulges in offensive remarks about the social status of public singers for the mere sake of stage clap-trap! The daughter of some Big Bonanza millionaire might so far forget herself as to gratuitously insult an unprotected woman: a well-bred woman could not so far forget herself if she tried. But this is nothing compared to the subsequent conduct of the Lady Edna, who, at a fashionable reception in London, indulges in gross slander before the assembled guests; tells the singer—who, presumably ranks with the best operatic artists ever welcomed by society—that she is no better than she should be; asks her where she got her diamonds; and ends by assaulting her by slapping her face with a scurrilous newspaper. A common fight between two women is bad enough at any time. It was permissible and realistic when, on this very stage, a virago soused a vixen with a pail of dirty water in "Drink"; but for a woman in society to beat another on the face in a London drawing-room is intolerable. An insult less gross might have been discovered to enable Miss Grace Hawthorne to go mad with propriety. This amiable and industrious lady has evidently studied from the life some acute form of mania; but it is a painful interlude, and, on the whole, it is well that "Dorothy Gray" was not submitted to the rough test of an ordinary first-night audience. Much sorrow has been saved; and, notwithstanding the bright acting of Miss Kittie Claremont, and the clever help of Mr. Abington, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Everard, and Miss Cicely Richards, Mr. Parker and Miss Dolores Drummond, the new melodrama may be conveniently put away and speedily forgotten.

The Marquis of Ormonde has received the ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick, vacant by the death of Lord Annaly.

The Rev. C. Crowden, D.D., Head-Master of Cranbrook School, has been elected Head-Master of Eastbourne College.

There has been an almost unprecedentedly large demand for the Local Government Bill, 17,000 copies having been sold.

Mr. Kirwans will begin a series of Thursday evening recitals on April 19 at Steinway Hall.

The Clothworkers' Company have sent £25 to the Bethnal-green Free Library, which brings up the total voted by the court towards the support of this institution to £91.

The football-match at Belfast on April 7 between teams representing England and Ireland, resulted in a victory for England by five goals to one.

An entertainment, consisting of tableaux vivants, music, and recitations, was given on April 11 at Addison Hall, Addison-road, in aid of the West London Hospital, by members of the Kensington Academy Aid Society and their friends.

An official programme of the Bayreuth Festival Plays for the coming season has been issued. There will be seventeen performances, the first being on July 22, and the last on Aug. 19. The repertoire will include "Parsifal" and "Die Meistersinger von Nuremberg."

The Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Archduchess Marie Valerie, arrived at Bournemouth on April 10. They were presented with handsome bouquets on their arrival at Newlyn's Hotel. The Royal visitors paid a visit to the pier, and walked in the town and public gardens. Among the callers at the hotel during the day were Prince and Princess Oscar of Sweden, who had on the previous day returned from their honeymoon.

On April 9 the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress entertained at the Mansion House the authorities of the metropolitan Royal hospitals. Among the guests was the Duke of Cambridge, who referred to the comparatively defenceless state of the city of London, and urged the necessity of making more complete military preparations. The Duke also referred in terms of praise to the remarkable progress made by the Volunteers.

A powerful first-class battle-ship has been added to the Royal Navy, by the delivery of the Victoria, which arrived at Sheerness on April 9, from the works of Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Victoria will be immediately completed for active service. She is to be armed with two 110-ton guns, one thirty-ton gun, and thirty machine and quick-firing guns. The cost of the Victoria when completed will be over £800,000.

A ratepayers' meeting was held on April 9 at St. Pancras Vestry Hall, to consider the position of the vestry in regard to the Hampstead-Heath Extension Fund. Last July the vestry voted £30,000 towards the fund. This meeting was called to test the opinion of the ratepayers. Mr. Westcott moved a resolution condemning the proposed contribution; an amendment, proposed by Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., and seconded by Mr. John Glover, in favour of the contribution, was declared carried.

Following up the shows of 1885 and 1886, the Collie Club have held, at the Westminster Aquarium, a third exhibition, which remained open three days. It was the best and largest show of the kind which the club has held, the entries numbering 269. Mr. A. N. Radcliffe acted as judge. He awarded the Collie Club challenge trophy and the Collie Club silver medal to Messrs. J. and W. H. Charles's The Squire. In the veteran class for rough and smooth coated dogs over five years old the first prize fell to Mr. J. Bissell's champion, Charlemagne; the corresponding award for bitches going to Mr. J. Pirie's Lorna Doone. Mr. W. P. Arkwright carried off the first prize in the class for teams of not fewer than three rough or smooth coated dogs or bitches exhibited by the breeder.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, April 10.

Three legislative elections took place on Sunday in the Aisne, the Aude, and the Dordogne. General Boulanger, who was not a candidate in either Department, was elected in the Dordogne by 59,498 votes against 35,745 given to the Republican candidate. In the Aisne, M. Boulanger polled 11,611 votes; and in the Aude, 8498. Furthermore, in the election for the Conseil-Général at Blois, M. Boulanger obtained 239 votes, thereby necessitating a ballotage. The General has refused the seat for the Dordogne, and maintains his candidature in the Nord on the platform of dissolution and revision, and, as he puts it, the greatness of France, now compromised by the sterility and impotency of Parliament.

The above facts show how grave the political situation is becoming in France: it is equivalent to a duel between General Boulanger and the Parliament, with which a large proportion of the nation appears to be disgusted. The old parties are disappearing; the younger generations take no interest in the quarrels of Republicans, Monarchists, and Imperialists; the incessant scandals and divisions of the Parliament have irritated the nation, and a new national party is forming with General Boulanger for its fetish and rallying-point. Around him at present are gathered indiscriminately discontented Republicans and discontented Bonapartists; the General has made no declaration which commits him to either; he maintains silence, or indulges only in utterances of vague generalities. It is significant, however, that the Bonapartists are backing him up strongly, and that, too, with the approbation of Prince Napoleon and Prince Victor, who are desirous of re-establishing by any means the plebiscitary current. In his instructions to his followers, Prince Victor said last October: "Rally around you, without distinction of past or of origin, men who are uneasy as to the future, and disgusted with the scandals of which we are witnesses." Now, the present Boulangist movement is distinctly one of violent opposition to the present régime and to Parliamentary government. The General represents the army, and at the same time he represents ideas of patriotism, youth, and reform. Curious circumstances, combined with the discontent of some and the infatuation of others, have brought him to the front; his name simply means resolute opposition to the Parliamentary form of Government, and respect of the national will. As far as one can see, Boulangism is flourishing like a green bay-tree, and the Republic, after seventeen years of inglorious existence, seems likely to go to the wall before the year is out.

If history repeats itself, so also do meteorological phenomena. An old French chronicler of the fifteenth century has noted snow, frost, and extreme cold at the Easter fairs. This is exactly our present case. It freezes, it blows, it snows a little almost every day; the gardens are black and gloomy, the farmers are in despair, the poor are suffering; and trade is so wretched that a movement has been started with a view to retarding the Grand Prix until the last Sunday in June, so that the Parisian shopkeepers may have some chance of making a little money before the season closes. The Concours Hippique, generally a gay spring meeting-place, has become an exhibition of furs; the Allée des Acacias, instead of offering a display of spring toilets, wears a completely Muscovite aspect; the lilac-trees show no signs of bloom; and asparagus remains a costly rarity. All these small facts contribute to maintain the French in a mood of irritation, and the gourmand who finds strawberries marked at two francs a-piece, lays the blame on the unpopular Parliament, and cries in disgust, "Vive Boulanger!"

The events of the week at the theatres have been a brilliant revival of Sardou's "Dora" at the Gymnase, and the production at the Porte-Saint-Martin of a dramatisation of M. Georges Ohnet's novel "La Grande Marnière." It cannot be said that "La Grande Marnière" has any literary importance; the author is a stranger to questions of art; on the other hand, he has a singularly correct instinct of the average popular taste—a fact which is proved by the 175 editions through which this present novel has passed. "La Grande Marnière" is a well-constructed, effective, and commonplace melodrama, presented in fine scenery, and acted very remarkably, especially by M. Paulin Menier, who plays the leading rôle. The piece will certainly meet with great success, and in course of time the Londoners will see it at the Princess's Theatre.

The fourth annual exhibition of the Société de Pastellistes Français, now open in the Galerie Petit in the Rue de Sèze, is one of the most interesting manifestations of art that we have seen in Paris within the past twelve months. It contains works by Albert Besnard, Duez, Jacques, Blanche, Roll, Gervex, Émile Lévy, Machard, Madame Lemaire, Dubufe, Puvis De Chavannes, Nôzal, Montenard, Jean Béraud, and others. The sum of talent displayed by these artists is most remarkable. Out of the many charming works exhibited, if I were asked to select the most charming, and at the same time the most exquisite in colour, and the most distinguished in conception, I should point to the portraits and poetic dreams of M. Albert Besnard.

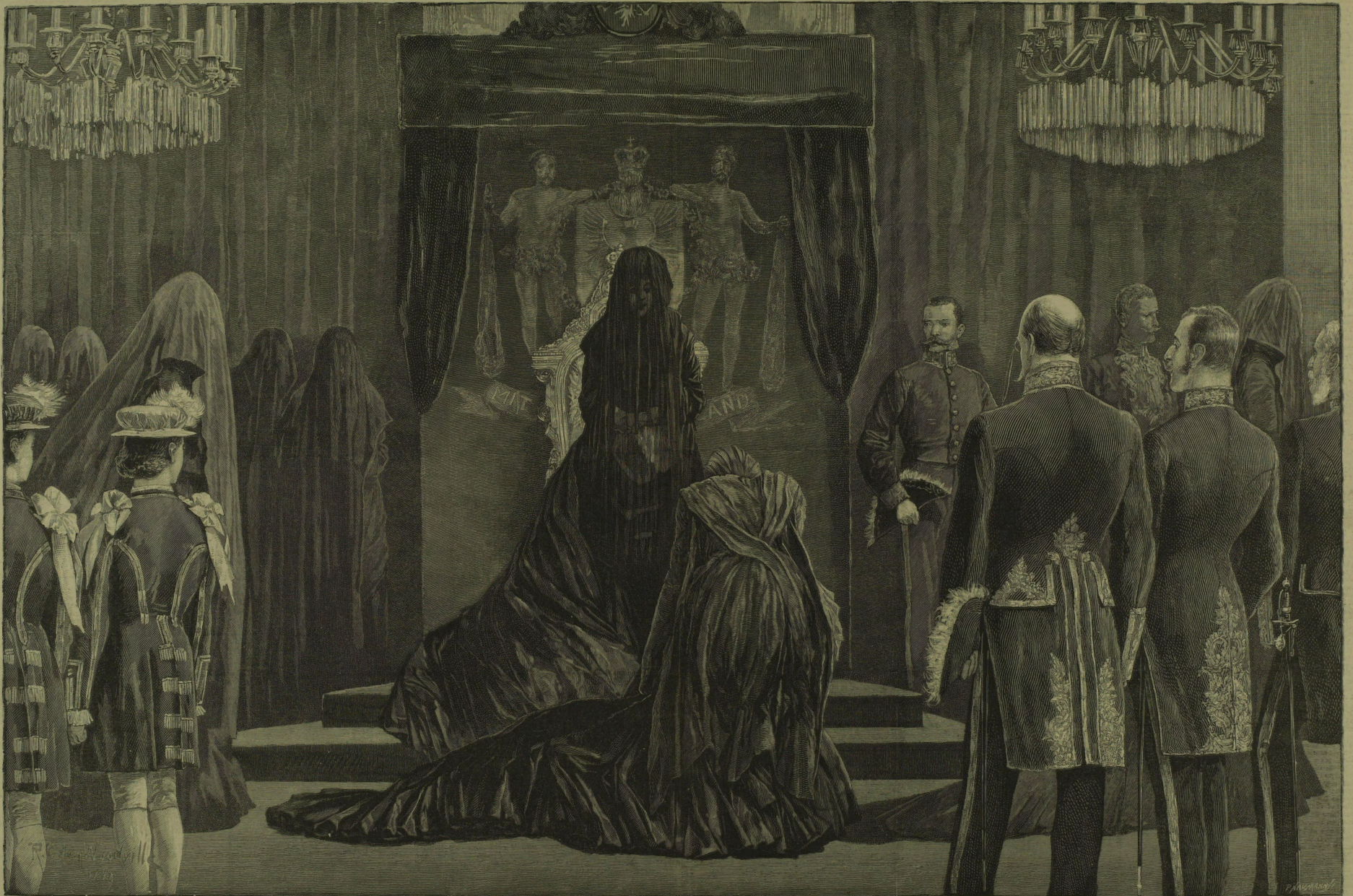
The Chambers have separated for the Easter vacations until April 19. Previously to breaking-up, the deputies elected a new president to take M. Floquet's place. MM. Clémenceau and Méline came out equal, and the latter, being a few months older than the former, was declared elected. M. Méline, formerly Minister, is the inventor of the Order of Mérite Agricole. He is a confirmed Protectionist, a stubborn and energetic Republican, and also the thinnest man in the House—a mere phantom, bald, pale, angular, and so emaciated that Sarah Bernhardt is obese in comparison. T. C.

Although still unfinished, the Barcelona Exhibition was opened on April 8. There was no special ceremony, and the public will only be admitted for three hours every day until the buildings have been completed. The official inauguration will probably take place on May 15.

The King of Denmark celebrated his seventieth birthday on April 8, and in commemoration of the occasion an amnesty has been granted to political prisoners, and proceedings against persons charged with political offences have been stopped.

The debate in the Canadian House of Commons on Sir Richard Cartwright's motion for trade reciprocity with the United States terminated on April 7, after lasting fifteen days. The motion was rejected by 124 to 67 votes.

The Hon. J. F. Burns, Colonial Treasurer, has explained to the New South Wales Legislative Assembly that the Revenue returns for the past quarter were equal to his anticipations, for, although there was a falling off in the quarter of £100,000 in consequence of the repeal of the *ad valorem* and other duties, there were increased receipts from spirits, wine, tobacco, railways, mining rents, and also from various excise duties. The total revenue for the year ending March 31 was £725,000 in excess of the preceding financial year. The treasurer stated that the expenditure proper to the quarter was also within the December estimate. The new Land Bill has been read a second time in the Assembly by 56 against 22 votes.



THE EMPRESS'S MOURNING COURT (TRAUER COUR) AT THE SCHLOSS IN BERLIN.

THE COURT OF BERLIN IN MOURNING.

The ceremonial observances of an Imperial and Royal Court, with such punctilious usages and complicated claims on its recognition as those of the Court of Berlin, cannot be waived even during the period of mourning for the illustrious German Monarch lately deceased. Her Majesty the Empress has made personal efforts, in discharge of these duties, which are the more appreciated, under present circumstances, on account of the Emperor's state of health preventing his appearance at Court. The Empress held a reception, for ladies qualified by their rank and the requisite introductions to be presented to her at the beginning of the new reign, on March 24, at the Schloss or Old Palace of Berlin. Of course, both her Imperial Majesty and the Princesses, and other ladies attending this reception, were attired in the deepest mourning; and it could not be a scene of brilliant splendour, or like an ordinary Royal Drawingroom. The illustration that we are enabled to produce of this "Trauer-Cour," as the Germans call it, has nevertheless a certain degree of interest, and serves for an additional memorial of the event which has lately occupied a large share of public attention.

The health of the German Emperor still progresses satisfactorily; and he drove out on the morning of April 9 in uniform, and wearing his military mantle, with Princesses Sophie and Margarethe, attended by his aide-de-camp and Sir Morell Mackenzie. He conferred on Sir Morell Mackenzie the Hohenzollern Order of the Second Class, and the Kronen Order Second Class on Dr. Mark Hovell. The Empress went on the same day to Posen, to visit the inundated districts, and was enthusiastically greeted by the people at all the stations on the route.—In the Great Hall of Berlin University, on April 5, the Rector Magnificus, who is the Dean of all the Faculties, and all the other officers of the Alma Mater, took the oath of allegiance and loyalty to the Emperor Frederick.—What has come to be known as the "Chancellor crisis," which has ostensibly grown out of the proposal to wed Prince Alexander of Battenberg to the Emperor Frederick's daughter Victoria, seems not to be quite at an end. The projected marriage is, indeed, said to be deferred, not abandoned.—The marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia with Princess Irene of Hesse is now announced for May 24, Queen Victoria's birthday.—The famous German chemist, Professor August Wilhelm Hofmann, celebrated his seventieth birthday at Berlin, on April 8, and received on the occasion numerous marks of esteem and distinction. The Emperor conferred upon him a title of nobility; and the Empress and also Queen Victoria, to whom the Professor became known during his twenty years sojourn in England as superintendent of the Royal College of Chemistry, and afterwards of the laboratory of the School of Mines, sent him their portraits handsomely framed.

Superintendent Boyd, of the central division, Glasgow, has been appointed Chief Constable of Glasgow, in room of Captain McCall, deceased.

As a further means of assisting the musketry training of Volunteer corps, and especially those whose ranges are at a distance, the Commander-in-Chief, with the approval of the Secretary for War, has decided that in future Morris tube cartridges, for use on the miniature ranges now so largely used, may be drawn from the War Department in lieu of a portion of the annual allowance of blank ammunition. The applications will have to be approved by the generals commanding the military districts.

On the occasion of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Sell, of Leighton-Buzzard, the Liberals of the town and neighbourhood presented Mr. Sell with a congratulatory address and a silver cup in token of the services he has rendered during a period extending over fifty-five years and for his steadfast adherence to the principles of Liberalism. Amongst those whose names appear on the address are the Duke of Bedford, Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P. for South Beds; Mr. Francis Bassett, ex-M.P.; Mr. Theodore Harris, high sheriff of the county; &c.

The accounts relating to trade and navigation for the United Kingdom for March, and the first three months of the present year, have been issued. They show that during the month of March the imports were of the value of £32,590,821, being a decrease of £203,109, while the exports were of the value of £19,047,307, being an increase of £45,224. The totals for the three months ended March 31 were—imports, £96,909,085, being an increase of £4,589,039; and the exports, £56,623,401, being an increase of £2,557,450, compared with the corresponding period of last year.

The Bishop of Colchester on April 9 unveiled a window in the parish church at Newport, near Bishop-Stortford, Essex, presented by the University of Oxford, in memory of Mr. Robert Morgan Tamplin, B.A., of Keble College, who perished in the Exeter Theatre calamity in September of last year. Mr. Tamplin was a son of the Vicar of Newport, and is known to have gone to the theatre with a friend. Not a trace of either was ever found afterwards.—The handsome church at Burley, Leeds, has received a two-light window from Messrs. Mayer. The window is in memory of a Verger, and an appropriate subject has been chosen, illustrating the text "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of ungodliness."

The President of the United States has made the following awards:—A gold medal to Captain Anthony C. Larkin, of the British schooner Harry Lewis; a gold watch and chain to George Roach, second mate of the same vessel; and 50 dols. each in money to John Jehu and Charles Miller, seamen on the same vessel, for their humane services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Restless on Jan. 30 last; also a gold watch and chain each to Captain Charles Smith and Robert Robertson, captain and mate respectively of the British steamship Ethelbald, for their humanity in rescuing the crew of the shipwrecked American schooner Walter W. Pharo, on Dec. 20 last. Also a gold medal each to Captain Walter Hodgson and Mr. Robert Barker, first officer of the British ship Timor, for their services in rescuing men from the shipwrecked American schooner William and Richard, on Dec. 29 last.

The Thames steam-boat service at length bids fair to be worthy the Metropolis. The new, energetic, and enterprising Victoria Steam-Boat Association has an efficient Directorate in Colonel FitzGeorge, Mr. Arnold Williams, and Mr. Bushy, and an experienced General Manager in Mr. Edgar Shand, who promises commodious and improved boats as soon as they can be built by Sir William Armstrong and Co. Meantime, the Victoria Steam-Boat Association possesses a fleet of thirty-eight steamers, including the fine saloon-boats, Alexandra, Glen Rosa, and the Duke of Edinburgh; and they have made good terms with the Thames Conservancy for the use of piers and the service of the pier-men. A fair start was made at Easter, upwards of 50,000 passengers having been carried in the holiday week. These figures, combined with remarkably cheap fares, quick service, and judicious management, promise considerable traffic in the spring and summer for the Victoria Steam-Boat Association.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LOHAINE.—You have overlooked that in the defence 1. K to Q 4th, 2. Kt to B 6th is not mate. What is to prevent the Black King taking P at Q 6th?

BAL.—Your solution is correct, but, unfortunately, not that intended by the author.

PETERHOUSE.—In Problem No. 2291, where is the mate if Black play 1. Kt to Q 4th? STAR.—Please send the position on a diagram. As sent, White is already mated.

PERCY EWEN.—A clever little stratagem; but, if we mistake not, a Black Pawn is required at K R 5th.

J. PIERCE.—Many thanks; but it is a class of problem we do not think would interest our readers.

CECIL A. L. BULL.—Very ingenious; but see answer to J. Pierce.

PROBLEMS AND GAMES received, with thanks, from N. Fedden, J. D. Chambers, Rev. A. B. Skipworth, and W. W. Lall.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2291 received from J. Kane (New York), and J. W. Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2292 from G. J. Bourne and Dr. F. St.; of No. 2293 from G. E. Baxter and Mrs. Kelly; of No. 2294 from F. G. Washington, T. H. Tidwell, Simplex, Fortamps (Brussels), J. W. Wilkinson, J. G. Harkin, R. T. Fisher, R. Spoto, Lau (Naples), E. J. Wetfall, G. Cox, J. Pretty, Rev. Winfield Cooper, and W. L. Martin (Commander R.N.).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2295 received from F. C. Howard, L. Penfold, R. Worters, E. Phillips, Howard A. Major Pritchard, W. L. Martin (Commander R.N.), Shadforth, Ben Nevis, Jupiter Junior, L. Wyman, H. Lucas, F. P. (Brentwood), L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, E. Casella (Paris), A. C. Hunt, Simplex, Alpha, Rev. Winfield Cooper, W. R. Railton, G. T. Addison, Thomas Chown, Hereward, G. J. Veale, T. G. (Ware), D. McCoy, T. Roberts, Dane John, E. L. London, L. Desanges, R. F. N. Banks, E. H. Squire, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. Hepworth Shaw, R. H. Brooks, John Keen, Mrs. Kelly, and Dr. F. St.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2293.

WHITE.
1. R to Kt sq
2. Kt to R 3rd (ch)
3. Q or Kt mates.

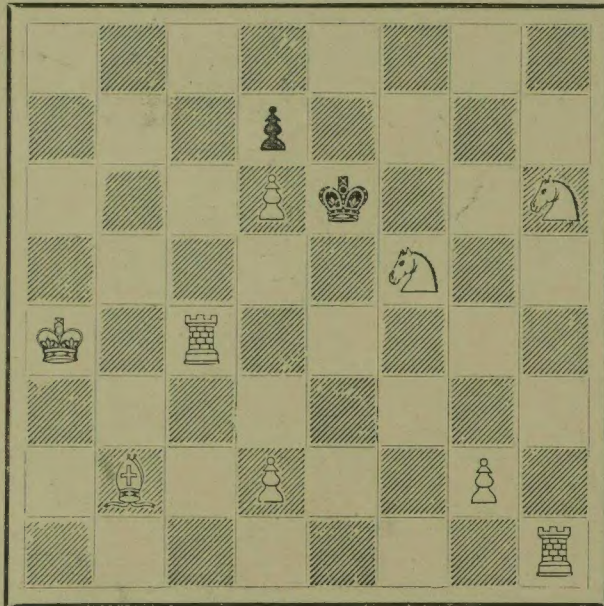
BLACK.
B to Kt 7th
K moves

If Black play 1. R take P, White continues with Kt to Q 6th (ch); if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. Q to B 7th (ch); if 1. K moves, then 2. Q to Q 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2297.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Game played between Mr. WYKE BAYLISS and Mr. HERBERT JACOBS in the Surrey County Challenge Cup. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	18. R to Q 2nd	Q R to Q sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B to Q 3rd	K to R sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	This signal called for immediate attention on White's part.	
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	20. Kt to R 2nd	Kt to B 5th
5. P to Q 3rd		21. Kt to Kt 4th	R to K Kt sq
This line of attack had the approval of Anderson.		22. Kt to R 6th	
6. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	A blunder only to be accounted for by White's eagerness to fork K and R with his Kt.	
7. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 3rd	22.	R takes P (ch)
8. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd	23. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd
9. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	All this is nicely timed by Black.	
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles	24. Kt to B 5th	B to R 2nd
11. Kt to B 4th	P to K 3rd	25. Q to Q sq	Q R to K Kt sq
12. Castles	P to Q B 3rd	26. Q to B 3rd	K R to Kt 4th
13. P to Q 4th	B takes Kt	27. Q R to Q sq	R to R 4th
14. B takes B	P to Kt 3rd	28. P to R 4th	Q takes Kt
15. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Kt sq	When the Queen acts thus, the rest may be taken for granted.	
16. Q R to Q sq	Q to B 2nd		
17. B takes Kt	P takes B		

Another game between the same opponents played in the Ruskin tourney of the British Chess Association. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. B to Kt 4th	P to B 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd	The attack is steadily maintained.	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	19. Q R to B sq	Q R to B sq
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	20. P takes P	P takes P
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	21. B to B 3rd	P to B 5th
6. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q B 3rd	White's defence is now completely broken through.	
7. B to Q B 4th	P to B 4th	22. Q to Kt 4th	B to B 4th
8. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. Q to R 5th	P to Kt 3rd
9. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	24. Q takes R P	Q takes Kt
10. P to K R 3rd	B to K 3rd	25. B takes Kt	
11. B to Kt 3rd	P to K R 3rd	Nothing stops Black's victorious career.	
12. P to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd	26. Kt to K sq	Kt to B 5th
Threatening the unsupported Kt at Kt 3rd.		27. K to R sq	Kt takes P (ch)
13. P to Q 4th	P takes P	28. R takes Kt	Q takes R
14. P takes P	B takes B	29. Kt to B 3rd	P takes B
15. Q takes B	B to Kt 3rd	30. Q takes B P	B to K 6th
16. B to Q 2nd	Castles K R	and White resigned.	
17. P to Q R 4th	P to R 3rd		

Mr. Blackburne paid a visit to Trowbridge during the last week of March, and played a series of games with the best players of the neighbourhood, who were greatly pleased to have the chance of measuring their strength with the famous English master. On the evening of March 27 he encountered thirty-two opponents simultaneously, winning twenty-nine games and drawing three, one of the latter being with a lady, Mrs. Knapp, who, but for a hasty move near the end, would possibly have scored a victory. The next evening Mr. Blackburne gave a blindfold exhibition, and although suffering from neuralgia, won four out of eight games, drawing three and losing one to a pair of opponents in consultation. Speaking of Mr. Blackburne's blindfold play, we are glad to hear that he proposes to publish a selection of his games played under this condition. They are sure to be attractive, as many of his best performances on the chessboard will be found amongst them; the peculiar nature of such play lending itself to the brilliancy which is now so rare in high-class chess.

The handicap tournament at Simpson's has continued during the week, but the scores at present are rather indefinite, owing to the irregular order of the play. The leaders are entirely amongst the first class; the greatest number of wins being registered by Mr. Bird, followed closely by Messrs. Zakertort, Mortimer, and Mason.

Colonel J. Fellowes, R.E., has been selected to succeed Colonel Brine as Assistant-Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham.

The University Extension Lectures are becoming more and more popular with the working classes. Mr. Vivian Lewes, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, lectured recently at Walthamstow Townhall, on the Atmosphere and its Relation to Health. Mr. Lewes has a robust and vigorous style of speaking on scientific subjects, that can be easily followed by any audience, however deficient in technical training; his experiments, too, are most successful.

OBITUARY.

LORD HATHERTON.

The Right Hon. Edward Richard Littleton, second Lord Hatherton, C.B., Hon. Colonel 3rd Battalion the Prince of Wales's North Staffordshire Regiment, died at 22, Rutland-gate. He was born Dec. 31, 1815, the only son of the Right Hon. Edward John Littleton, at one time Chief Secretary for Ireland, created Baron Hatherton in 1835; and he represented the Pillaton branch of the ancient family of Lyttelton. He was educated at Eton, and succeeded his father in 1863; he had previously sat in the House of Commons for Walsall, 1847 to 1852, and for South Staffordshire, 1853 to 1857. He married, Sept. 23, 1841, Lady Margaret Percy, youngest daughter of George, fifth Duke of Northumberland, and leaves five sons. The eldest, Edward George Percy, C.M.G., late Colonel Grenadier Guards, and late Military Secretary in Canada, is now 3rd Lord Hatherton, born Aug. 15, 1842, and married, Aug. 16, 1867, to Charlotte Louisa, daughter of Sir Charles R. Rowley, Bart., by whom he has issue.

SIR GEORGE HODSON, BART.

Sir George Frederick John Hodson, third Bart., of Hollybrooke House, in the county of Wicklow, J.P. for the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, and D.L. of the latter, died at his seat, near Bray, on April 2. He was born Oct. 25, 1806, the second son of Sir Robert Hodson (created a Baronet in 1787), by Jane, his second wife, daughter of Mr. Brent Neville, of Ashbrook, and succeeded to the title at the decease of his elder brother, Sir Robert Adair Hodson. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1829; and served as High Sheriff for Wicklow in 1834, for Cavan in 1839, and for Westmeath in 1846. He married, Sept. 15, 1852, Meriel Anne, daughter of the Rev. Richard Neville, Rector of Clonpriest, and had four sons and one daughter. The second son, George Frederick John, Lieutenant 24th Regiment, was killed in action at Isandula in 1879; the eldest son, now Sir Robert Adair Hodson, fourth Bart., was born in 1853. Sir George Hodson, whose death we record, had great artistic tastes, and was himself a painter of merit. He acted on the board of the National Gallery of Ireland.

SIR C. WATSON-COPLEY, BART.

Sir Charles Watson-Copley, Bart., of Sprotborough Hall, in the county of York, died suddenly at Cannes, on April 6, aged sixty. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Lieutenant 71st Foot. He succeeded to the baronetcy at the decease of his father, Sir Charles Wager Watson, Bart., of Fulmer, in 1852, and assumed by Royal license, March 12, 1837, the surname and arms of Copley, in right of his descent from Juliana, wife of his grandfather, Sir Charles Watson, first Bart., and daughter of Sir Joseph Copley, Bart., of Sprotborough. He married May 12, 1854, Georgina, third daughter of Rev. Robert Tredcroft, M.A., and niece of Sir George R. Brooke Pechell, Bart., by whom he leaves three daughters. His brother and heir, now Sir Wager Joseph Watson, fourth Bart., of Fulmer, M.A., was born June 27, 1837.

MR. WALTER INGRAM.

We have received by telegraph the sad news of the death of Mr. Walter Ingram, the youngest son of the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, and founder of *The Illustrated London News*. This disaster took place a few days ago, near Berbera, on the east coast of Africa, where Mr. Walter Ingram had gone from Aden on a hunting expedition. He was killed by an elephant which had been wounded by a shot from the hunters. Mr. Walter Ingram was in the thirty-third year of his age, and married, only a twelvemonth ago, the youngest daughter of Mr. Hemming, of 15, Grosvenor-place. He was an officer of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry, and studied the details of the military profession with great interest. He travelled extensively, being in Zululand at the time of the campaign against Cetewayo; and, at the outset of Lord Wolseley's expedition for the relief of Khartoum, he ascended the Nile in his own steam-launch, joined the brigade of Sir Herbert Stewart in its march across the Bayuda Desert, was attached to Lord Charles Beresford's naval corps, and took an active part in the battles of Abu Klea and Metamneh; after which he accompanied Sir Charles Wilson and Lord Charles Beresford in their adventurous trip up the river, passing the enemy's batteries and coming within sight of Khartoum. The services of Mr. Walter Ingram were mentioned in Lord Wolseley's despatches to the War Office, and were rewarded with a medal. He is also spoken of with commendation in Sir Charles Wilson's published narrative of the attempt to reach Khartoum.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Reginald Lybbe Powys-Lybbe, Mayor of Wallingford, son of Mr. Philip Lybbe Powys-Lybbe, of Hardwick House, Oxfordshire, formerly M.P. for Newport, on April 4, at his residence, The Croft, Wallingford.

Mr. Henry Barry Coddington, of Oldbridge, in the county of Meath, J.P., High Sheriff in 1843, on March 23, in his eighty-sixth year. The Coddingtons of Oldbridge are a leading family in Meath, descended from Captain Dixie Coddington, of Holm Patrick, who served on William III.'s Staff at the Battle of the Boyne.

Lady Victoria Kirwan, at Bournemouth, on March 30. Lady Victoria, to whom the Duchess of Kent stood sponsor, was the third daughter of George Augustus Francis, second Marquis of Hastings, was born in July, 1837, and married, in October, 1859, Mr. John Forbes Stratford Kirwan, of Moyn, by whom she had two sons and three daughters.

Mr. Cadogan Hodgson-Cadogan, of Breckburne Priory, Northumberland, J.P., High Sheriff in 1880, on March 26, in his sixty-eighth year. He was son of the late Major William Hodgson, 5th Dragoon Guards, who assumed the additional surname of Cadogan in consequence of his marriage with Sarah, only daughter and heiress of Mr. Ward Cadogan, of Breckburne Priory.

The Rev. William Milton Ireland, at Beaconsfield House, Tunbridge Wells, on March 23. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the usual degrees, and was early called to the Bar. He subsequently entered holy orders. He was Vicar of Holy Bourne, Hants, and of Whaddon, Cambridgeshire. He married Alethea Jane, youngest daughter of the late Ven. J. H. Browne, Archdeacon of Ely and Vicar of Cotgrave, Notts.

"BEHOLD HOW GREAT A MATTER A LITTLE FIRE KINDLETH."

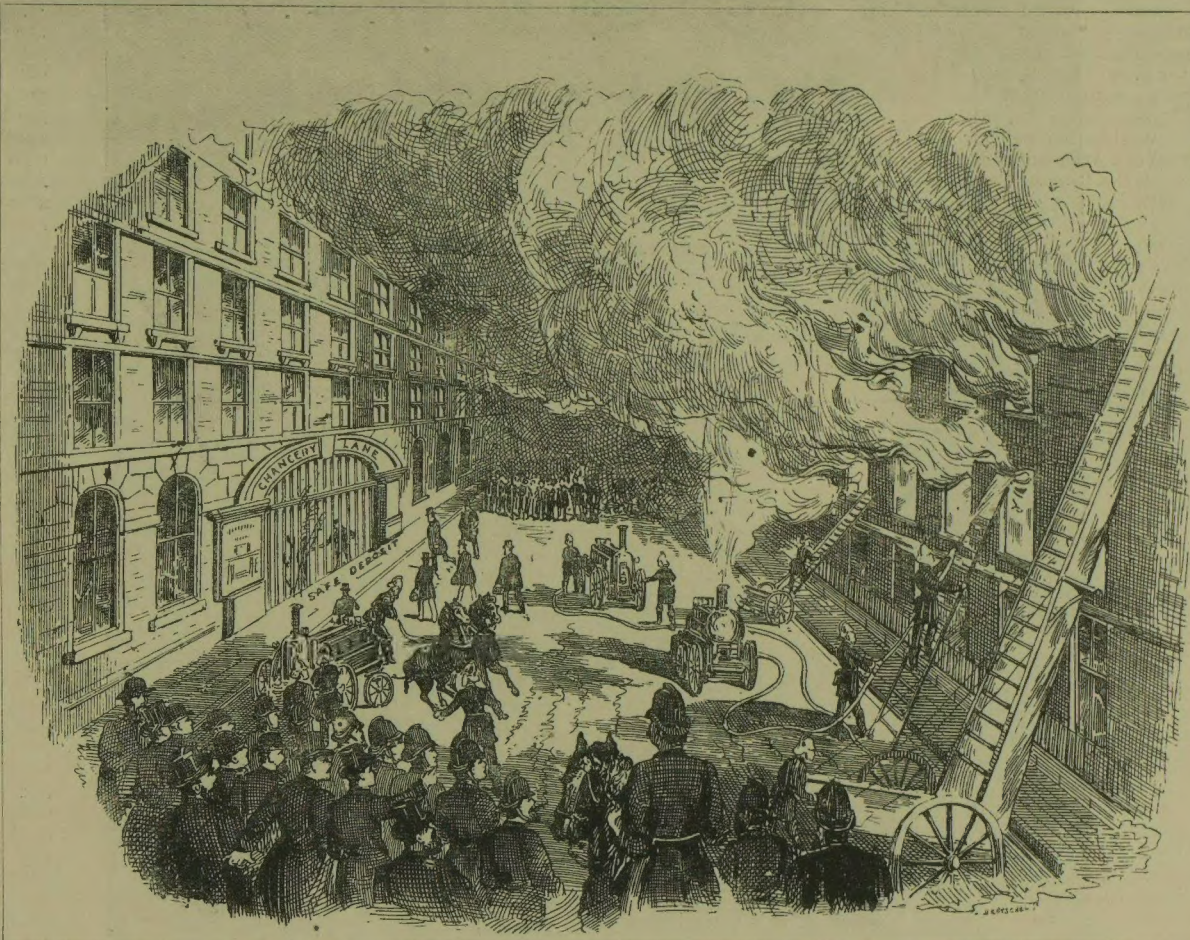
"YES, my friend, it is pleasant, indeed, to be home once more after the wandering life I have led during the last twenty years." The speaker was a middle-aged man, whose face wore at that moment an expression of ease and contentment which he undoubtedly felt under the hospitable roof of his old college friend. The two men had not met for many years, their paths lying in quite opposite directions. Mr. M— was one of the thriving diamond merchants of Hatton-garden, while his friend, Blake, had spent many years at the Cape and in other far distant lands. A few days later the above-named gentlemen were strolling up Chancery-lane, when Blake exclaimed, "**The Chancery-lane Safe Deposit!**" Why, it is the noted stronghold everyone is speaking so well of at the present time?"

"The same, doubtless. I rented a safe last year—not any too soon, for a few months later burglars entered my offices, cleared me out of what they could find, but, thanks to this valuable Institute, I saved some thousands; since then I have rented a strong room. By-the-way, Mr. Clarke, ex-sheriff of London and Middlesex, the founder, gives a banquet there on the 15th inst. You'll come with me instead of Harris, he's engaged?"

"With pleasure; it is just the place that will be useful to me to store my plate-chests before leaving for America." The 15th inst. arrived, when the said banquet was to take place. It was held in the handsome room used as the Renters' Writing-Room. Men were present who had availed themselves of the security of this Deposit since it was opened in 1885, and many others who, through its close vicinity to the Law Courts, found it the greatest boon for the safety of their valuable deeds, bonds, settlements, &c. The evening was advancing when, to the general surprise of the company, one of the attendants opened the grill to admit a fireman, who, in hot haste, warned the company that the premises opposite were ablaze. They feared the flames would ere long set fire to the whole block at the base of which is the SAFE DEPOSIT. Several of the gentlemen present sprang up, forgetting for the moment that their property was absolutely secure from fire as well as theft, when the Chairman and Founder said, "Keep your seats, gentlemen, and pass the wine round; we need not trouble: were the whole street burning it would not affect us down here." The fireman stared, and evidently thought we were a "cool party." Once more the heavy grills opened and let him out into the crowded street, where the fire was gaining ground most rapidly. A little later on several of the company went out, if possible to give help. The Manager, knowing I was a stranger, courteously offered to show me round the Deposit. We first passed into a small vestibule; on the left were the Manager's offices. From there once more the keys rattled and we went through heavy iron grills into a larger vestibule, where in front of us were huge doors, all of which, the Manager told me, were locked for the night, and even he himself was perfectly powerless to open them (as the fire was to get possession of them) until the clocks ran down the following morning. These safes contain a number of smaller ones, all sizes, ranging from one to five guineas per annum. Each Renter holds the only key of access to his or her safe. On the right is a large room where the public can deposit chests or boxes containing

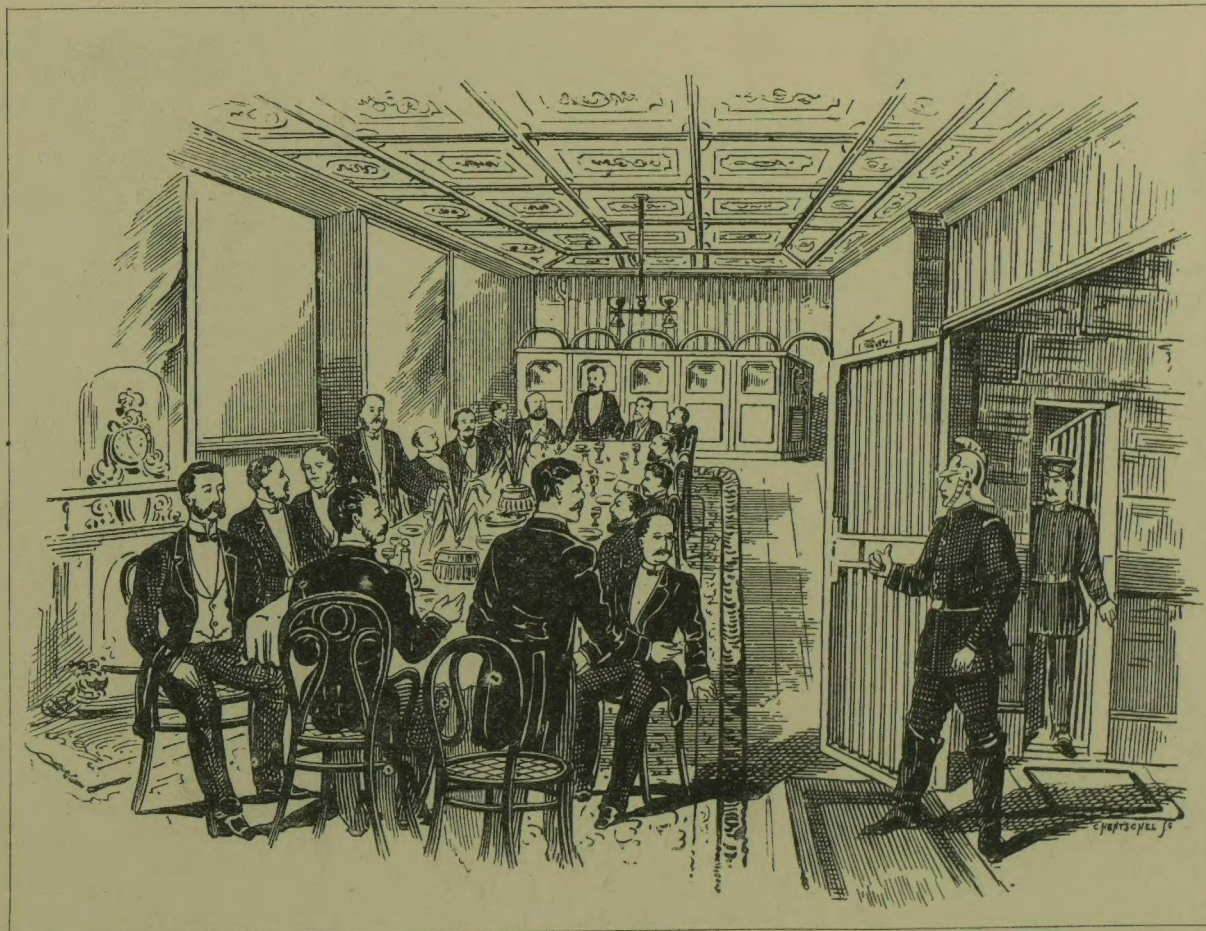
plate, documents, or other valuables, at the nominal charge of £1 per annum, or for a shorter period if desired. We then went down some handsome marble steps into the main corridor below. I was perfectly taken back at the extensiveness of this ingenious stronghold. From either side of this corridor (which, by the way, does the greatest credit to the attendants in charge) are smaller ones, adjoining on either side of which are the *strong rooms* of all sizes, ranging from eight to ninety guineas per annum. These strong rooms have Milner's heavy iron doors, and no one but the Renter himself has any power to enter. A few months ago 300 more were added to the already large number, so great were the demands. After inspecting the electric light engine-room, walking along I observed at intervals a clock on the wall. The Manager explained to me how at night the watchmen on duty had to touch these clocks at different periods, each time they passed them during their patrol—the indicator showing in the morning whether the men had performed their duty, thus doing away with any uncertainty of the place being thoroughly guarded. The CHANCERY-LANE SAFE DEPOSIT opens every morning at 9.30 a.m., when anyone can rent a Safe after filling in the necessary form, or where cash-boxes may be fetched, having been given in the previous night for safety. By this time we found ourselves at the foot of the noble marble stairs, inlaid with mosaic, bearing

the appropriate motto, "Safe Bind, Safe Find," and we began to think of those outside, many of whom were doubtless writhing under their losses; we passed through a small opening in the grill, hearing the heavy shutters clang behind us. What a different sight met our gaze! The greatest confusion prevailed. The fire blazing, at intervals heavy beams falling, and, worst of all, the terror-stricken cries which filled the air every moment. It was useless to linger. The firemen, brave fellows, were doing all in their power. So, after thanking the Manager for his courtesy, I said "Good-night," telling him I should be there early next day with some of my treasures, the safety of which had for days past troubled me. Eleven o'clock next morning found me in Chancery-lane. What a wreck! Houses burned to the ground. Then flashed across my mind the old proverb, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." Not only against theft and burglary must we guard our treasures, but also against the "Demon Fire." Doubtless none would join me more readily in saying this than the unfortunate men whose property lay there, a smouldering heap, many of whom were at that early hour making their way to secure a safe for the future. I then turned my steps into the Deposit. After passing through two or three grills, unlocked by the men on duty, I entered the office, where I at once made myself a Renter, and not only have the satisfaction of knowing



THE FIREMEN, BRAVE FELLOWS, WERE DOING ALL IN THEIR POWER.

that my deeds, bonds, and other valuable articles are in perfect safety, but as a Renter I have the use of the writing-room, where private lockers are provided, where one can look over his possessions in all seclusion; letters can be addressed there, and there is a telephone in communication with the principal London offices. In fact, our countrymen cannot be too thankful for the easy way put within their reach of securing their valuables, and at the same time their peace of mind, by becoming a Renter at



"KEEP YOUR SEATS, GENTLEMEN; WERE THE WHOLE STREET BURNING IT WOULD NOT AFFECT US DOWN HERE."

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"THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT."

MADEMOISELLE NIKITA.

The young American lady who has adopted—or has had conferred on her—the pseudonym of Nikita, made her first appearance in England at one of Mr. Mapleson's Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, last August, when a romantic history was put forward, relating her capture by Indians, the fascination which she exercised over the tribe, and her ultimate restoration to her friends. The lady made an appeal for sensational interest to establish her claim to consideration as a vocalist possessed of musical skill and charm of style; qualities which were at once manifested in her first performances here. In her very early childhood she attracted attention by her precocious talents, and soon made a special impression by her singing at a concert at Washington, and afterwards at the New York Academy of Music, in the presence of the President and other notabilities. This was followed by her first stage appearance at the Park Theatre, and, not long afterwards, at Boston; the then so-called "miniature Patti" became acquainted with the renowned Adelina Patti, whose encouragement and advice led to the juvenile artist's voyage to Europe, and her earnest pursuit there of her musical studies under Strakosch, the instructor of Madame Patti. The impression made by the young artist on her first appearance in England has already been mentioned. Since that date she has progressed in her artistic studies and in vocal power, as was proved by her performances at the Royal Albert Hall on March 1, and again on a subsequent occasion there. Nikita's voice is a genuine soprano of a pure and liquid quality, which makes its way even in a large space; and her vocalisation is characterised both by brilliancy of execution and refinement of style. With such advantages, a prepossessing appearance, and at an age wanting some years of twenty, an exceptional career may be anticipated for Mademoiselle Nikita.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey.

The seventy-fifth anniversary dinner of the London Orphan Asylum was held on April 9 at the Hôtel Métropole, Mr. H. H. Gibbs occupying the chair. There were about 100 gentlemen present. The chairman said there were now 500 children in the schools at Watford, and £16,000 was raised every year for their maintenance. They constantly received handsome contributions from former scholars, and a lady who was a scholar paid £500 for their chapel, and contributed £100 beside. Subscriptions to the amount of £2290 were announced.

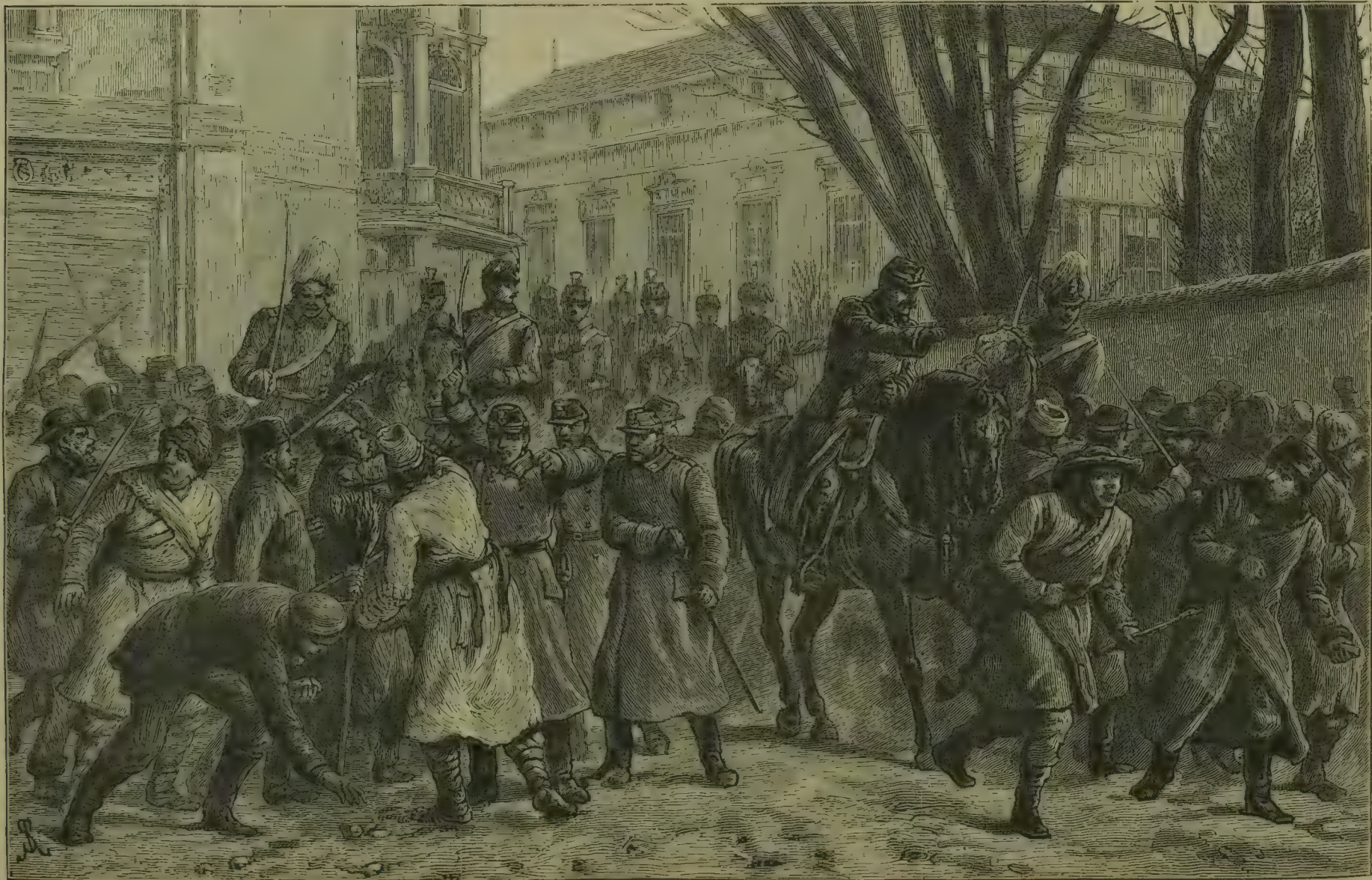


MADEMOISELLE NIKITA.

THE RIOTS AT BUCHAREST.

The Kingdom of Roumania, hard beset just now by Russian intrigues, has recently undergone a severe Ministerial crisis, with contested Parliamentary elections during the month of March, when formidable riots took place in the capital city. Our illustration, from a sketch by a correspondent there, represents the scene in one of the principal streets while the troops were engaged in dispersing the mob. M. Fleva, a leader of the Liberal party, was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of exciting the people to violence; but he, and two other noted politicians, M. Filipesco and M. Costaforo, were elected members of the Chamber of Deputies; and, when released after a few days, obtained an enthusiastic popular ovation. The political crisis resulted in substituting for M. Bratiano, the eminent statesman who was lately Prime Minister, another who seems equally attached to the Austrian alliance—namely, M. Carp, now Minister of Foreign Affairs, while the Premiership, with the Ministry of the Interior, is held by M. Rosetti. It appears that King Charles has told the politicians with whom he has conferred that he is willing to make all reasonable concessions in home affairs, but that the relations of the Kingdom with foreign Powers must remain unaltered. No objections to this have been raised in any quarter. In any case the National Liberals, who form the majority, seem resolved to avert a new dissolution by voting the Budget without demur. The riots caused some damage in the city of Bucharest. The building occupied by the Russian Agency there was completely destroyed by the fire which was caused by a patriotic incendiary, in revenge for the part which M. Hitrovo, the agent of Russia, has taken in recent events.

Several League meetings which had been announced to be held in different parts of Ireland on Sunday, April 8, and which the Executive had proclaimed, were dispersed by the police and military. Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., attempted to address a crowd of 4000 people in a field outside Loughrea, but, after a brief parley and a slight scrimmage, the ground was cleared. Later in the day Mr. O'Brien addressed a meeting in the Temperance Hall; but the arrival of the police after a quarter of an hour terminated the proceedings. Meetings which had been organised at Miltown Malbay, Ramsgrange, and Ennis were abandoned when it was found that the soldiers and constabulary were present in strong force. Conflicts between the people and police occurred at Macroom, Kanturk, and Kiltrush.



RIOTS IN BUCHAREST: DISPERSING THE RIOTERS IN THE STREETS.

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL W. M. H. DIXON, C.B.,
FORMER SUPERINTENDENT OF ENFIELD SMALL-ARMS FACTORY.

THE LATE MR. DWYER GRAY, M.P.

Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, M.P., whose death occurred at Dublin on March 7, was, both as politician and journalist, a remarkable man. He became proprietor and editor of the *Freeman's Journal* (the leading newspaper in Ireland) on the death of his father, Sir John Gray, in 1875; in the guiding and controlling of that organ he displayed a complete mastery of all the details of journalism, and was an able leader-writer. Mr. Gray was an ardent Nationalist. He was returned for Tipperary in 1877; and from the very first he formed one of the small party which, with Mr. Parnell at its head, gave the House of Commons so bad a time of it between 1877 and 1880. Perhaps the greatest triumph for Home Rule at the General Election of 1880 was the wresting by Mr. Gray of the representation of the county of Carlow from Mr. MacMurrough Kavanagh, one of the champions of landlordism and Conservatism in Ireland. Again, in 1885, after the Redistribution Act had subdivided the city of Dublin,



PRINCE MA'SUD MIRZA,
ELDEST SON OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

Mr. Gray, in contesting the St. Stephen's-green division with Sir Edward Cecil Guinness, topped the poll far ahead of his powerful opponent; and in the following year, when the seat was contested by Sir Edward Sullivan, he again won a signal victory for the Home Rule cause. The deceased was never very prominent in the House of Commons—he had not much taste for public life; but he was regarded by those who knew him intimately as the ablest man of the Irish Party. He was also a prominent figure for many years in the Dublin Corporation. He exhibited much knowledge of local matters, and of the laws bearing upon them, and through his extraordinary energy and enthusiasm the care of public health in the city was greatly improved. In 1880 he was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. That year is memorable in Ireland for the awful famine that prevailed in the west and south of the country. Mr. Gray organised a Mansion-House Fund, and through his instrumentality a sum of £172,984 was distributed by local sub-committees in the distressed districts. While High Sheriff of the city of Dublin, in 1882, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £500, by the late Mr. Justice Lawson, for some comments that appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* upon jury packing and upon the alleged misconduct of some of the jury in the Frances Hynes' case the night before they sent the



THE LATE MR. E. DWYER GRAY, M.P.,
PROPRIETOR OF THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," DUBLIN.

accused to the scaffold. A public subscription was raised to pay the fine, and the sum was realised in a few days. Mr. Gray went through his term in Richmond prison—the same jail in which his father, Sir John Gray, shared with O'Connell his imprisonment after the State trials of 1844. While a youth, Mr. Gray was presented by the Royal Humane Society with the Tayleur medal, for the bravery he had displayed in saving five lives from a wreck off the Dublin coast. He was married to a daughter of Mr. Chisholm, "the emigrant's friend," and Mrs. Gray and three children survive him. His son, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, was travelling in Australia at the time of his father's demise. Mr. Gray was but forty-three years of age. His remains were carried to a grave in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, by his colleagues in the Irish Party. The *Freeman's Journal* was formed about twelve months ago into a limited liability company, of which the deceased was managing director. The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin.



LA MARINA, SAN REMO.

LATE MAJOR-GENERAL DIXON, C.B., R.A.

The late Major-General William Manley Hall Dixon, C.B., who was born in 1817, was son of the late Major-General M. C. Dixon, R.E., and grandson of Admiral Sir Manley Dixon. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1835, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in 1856 and Colonel in 1861; he was placed on the Retired List as Major-General in 1871. He was appointed Instructor in Practical Artillery in 1846, and Director of Artillery Studies in 1852. The Duke of Newcastle, when Secretary of State for War, instructed Colonel Dixon to visit France and report on the mode of selecting candidates for the Artillery and Engineers. The result was a complete change in selecting and educating officers at Woolwich and Sandhurst. During the Crimean war Colonel Dixon was employed in the Baltic, and prepared plans for the attack on Bomarsund and other places. He was soon afterwards engaged in the Enfield Factory, of which he was superintendent till 1871. On several occasions, as president of the committee on small arms, a member of the Ordnance Select Committee, and of a special committee on gunpowder, Colonel Dixon rendered valuable assistance to the inquiries ordered by Government. He was a Companion of the Bath, and a Commander of the Belgian Order of Leopold.

EMIGRATION.

During the first three months of the present year 41,729 emigrants of British origin left our shores, being 28,466 English, 6181 Scotch, and 7082 Irish. Of these, 16,722 English, 4446 Scotch, and 5886 Irish went to the United States, as compared with 16,663 English, 4098 Scotch, and 9156 Irish in the first three months of 1887; 3660 English, 751 Scotch, and 244 Irish went to British North America, as compared with 3115, 410, and 363 respectively in 1887; 5007 English, 651 Scotch, and 771 Irish went to Australasia, as compared with 5893, 835, and 904 respectively in 1887. To all other places went 3077 English, 333 Scotch, and 181 Irish, as compared with 2424, 342, and 110 respectively in 1887. During the past month the number of British emigrants was 22,645, being 14,243 English, 3909 Scotch, and 4443 Irish, as compared with 13,379, 3019, and 6835 respectively in March, 1887.

A special meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations was held on April 6 in Westminster for the purpose of considering the Local Government Bill. Mr. Woodall, M.P., presided, and representatives attended from several of the leading English boroughs. A resolution was unanimously adopted approving of the main principles of the measure, but objecting to the proposed interference with existing boroughs, and directing the council to prepare amendments in this sense.

The patients at Brompton Hospital were indebted on April 10 to the ever-ready help of Miss Annie Matthews, who organised, with a party of talented friends, the usual Tuesday evening's entertainment. The following artistes assisted: Miss Annie Matthews, who gave, with charming expression, "An Old Garden"; Miss Meta Russell, Miss Annie Wilson, Mr. Henry Yates, Mr. James Budd, Mr. Poole, Mr. F. C. Everill (buffo), and Mr. Reginald Sumner (reciter); with Mr. Turle Lee as a very efficient conductor. The whole performance, during which there were many encores, was listened to with great delight, and the audience fully appreciated the kindness which had given them so much enjoyment.

A ROYAL PRINCE OF PERSIA.

Prince Ma'sud Mirza, on whom the Grand Commandership of the Star of India was recently conferred, is the eldest son of the Shah of Persia. His title, by which rather than by his name he is known, is Zil-es-Sultan—"Shadow of the King." He is thirty-nine years of age, and, though not heir to the throne, has long been the most powerful subject of his father. In conformity with the ancient usages of the country, he was, while still a boy, appointed Governor of a province, with a Vizir to help him in the work of administration. In such cases, the Vizir is the real Governor, and the Prince only the nominal one. From a very early age, however, the Yemin-ed-Dowleh, as the Zil-es-Sultan was then styled, showed much capacity for governing, and a strong determination to rule in reality, as well as in name. Before he was well out of his teens, his Vizirs were discarded, and he has ever since kept the reins of authority entirely in his own hands. One province after another has been added to his government, which now comprises the whole of central and southern Persia. His residence is at Ispahan, whence, by means of the telegraph and frequent couriers, he controls his deputies in Arabistan, Irak, Yezd, Kerman, and Fars. He has for many years carried out the fixed policy of breaking down the power of the semi-independent tribes of nomads who occupy a large portion of the territories under his rule. In some respects, perhaps, this is to be regretted, as the military strength of Persia lies essentially in her well-armed and well-mounted Iliahs, or tribesmen, who will cease to be formidable when their independence disappears. But the determined manner in which this policy has been carried out by the Zil-es-Sultan has had the undoubted advantage of reducing highway robbery and brigandage. The Zil-es-Sultan is free from many of the prejudices of his countrymen, and has shown a laudable desire to develop the resources and open up the means of communication of the provinces under his sway. In this respect much has to be done if Persia is ever again to occupy that position among nations which the intelligence, activity, literary taste, and artistic skill of her people long secured to her. For such a revival, in the southern part of the kingdom at least, the hopes of those who are best acquainted with the country centre in the Zil-es-Sultan, whose friendly protection of the English telegraph and of English commercial interests has now been graciously recognised by her Majesty the Queen.

Mr. C. J. B. Milne, B.A., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, has been nominated by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education in Scotland to be an Inspector of Schools.

A number of army officers, including several from the Guards' regiments, have left London by permission of the Commander-in-Chief to examine, for professional purposes, the principal battlefields of the war of 1870-71.

DEATHS.

In his thirty-third year, Mr. Walter Herbert Ingram, of 11, St. George's-place, Hyde Park, youngest son of the late Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P. for Boston. Killed by a wounded elephant near Berbera, Africa. (By telegram.)

On March 21, 1888, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Gibbins, eldest son of the late Lieutenant Thomas Gibbins, 81st Regiment of Foot, aged 62 years.

On April 5, at Invergordon Castle, Ross-shire, N.B., suddenly, R. B. E. Macleod, Esq., of Cadboll, aged 69.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

LA MARINA, SAN REMO.

The prolonged cold weather is still keeping many English invalids on the shores of the Italian or the French Riviera; and San Remo has not yet lost its special interest as having been the winter abode of the illustrious German Prince, so recently called to take his grand old father's place of Royal sovereignty and Imperial presidency at Berlin. Visitors must still be thinking of him, with his distressing malady not yet cured, and with the new anxieties and perplexities of his exalted position, as they stroll on the shore of that delightful bay, or explore the olive-growing valleys and hillsides of the neighbourhood, or survey the picturesque nooks and corners of the small old town; and one of our Artist's remaining Sketches is presented in time for the continued interest of these associations. It represents that part of the Marina, or seashore, which lies at one side of the pier, the Molo, overlooked by the old Genoese fort of Santa Tecla, now used as a prison; this is a quiet place of retreat from the fashionable promenade.

The Earl of Strafford on April 7 laid the foundation-stone of a Cottage Hospital which is to be erected at Barnet as a permanent memorial of her Majesty's Jubilee.

Mr. George Sills, of the Midland Circuit, has been recommended to her Majesty by the Home Secretary for appointment as Recorder of Lincoln, in succession to Mr. Horace Smith, recently appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

Dr. Vaughan, Roman Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, celebrating the Golden Jubilee of his entry into the priesthood recently at a large meeting of the clergy and laity of the diocese, was presented by Lord Clifford with an address and a purse containing £645, as an expression of affection and esteem from the Catholics of Devon and Cornwall.

At Guy's Hospital Medical School the Michael Harris prize in anatomy, value £10, has been awarded to Mr. J. H. Bryant, of Ilminster; the Beane prize in pathology, value 30 guineas, to Mr. E. H. Starling, of Bombay; and the Golding Bird prize for diagnosis, value 33 guineas, to Mr. R. D. Mothersole, of Colchester.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a gold medal which has been awarded by the President of the United States to Captain G. Slawenwhite, of the brigantine W. E. Stowe, of Lunenburg, N.S., in recognition of his services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Sophia T. Winterton, on Jan. 1 last.

A valuable service of plate was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales on April 7 by the members of the West Norfolk Hunt, in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of their Royal Highnesses.—By direction of the Prince, Sir Dighton Probyn has written to the Lord Mayor expressing his Royal Highness's satisfaction that a fund has been opened for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in Prussia, and inclosing a cheque for £100.

Mr. Brandram's recital this afternoon, April 14, at Steinway Hall, will consist of Charles Dickens's "Poor Traveller," "Polly" (Mugby Junction), and "David Copperfield and the Waiter," for the first part; and Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," Carleton's "Betsy and I are out," and "How Betsy and I made up," and Colman's "Dr. Pangloss and his Pupils," for the second part.—On Saturday, the 21st, the first part will be extracts from Shakespeare, and the second part, miscellaneous readings.

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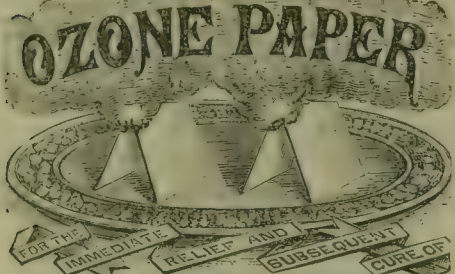
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July 21, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords.
Aug. 11, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords.
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVI.

"But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim described
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

This is a Sunday morning, still and beautiful, the sunlight lying warmly over the wide Worcestershire landscape, with its far-stretching valleys and copse-crowned hills, its smiling farms and mansions half-hidden among woods. The perfect silence is hardly lessened, rather it seems heightened, by the universal singing of the birds—a multitudinous and joyous din that almost drowns the velvet-soft note of the cuckoo. If Warwickshire chiefly struck us by its sylvan luxuriance, surely we must give pre-eminence to this county of Worcester in the matter of bird-music; and well it fits with the pleasant morning, and the peaceful country-side, and the prevailing stillness, which, as far as we can hear, is not as yet broken by any sound of a church-bell. And then, as we are listening, there comes a human voice into this domain—a startling thing, for we have grown accustomed to be the sole possessors of these solitudes—and this is a stranger's voice we hear in the distance, singing in a high, and wavering, and plaintive key. Then we behold the first of a long string of barges. The music draws nearer. We can make out phrases—
In the sweet. *boi and boi.* *we shall meet on that beautiful shore.* *In the sweet.* *boi and boi.* *we shall meet on that beautiful shore.* But as the first of the barges comes along, the young man who is singing and steering at the same time becomes mute; he glances with a veiled wonder at this nondescript boat moored in among the bushes; and then he is carried on. The people in the other barges also stare a little, in silence. They are very quiet this morning. Perhaps they have been up at an early hour. Or perhaps their somnolent way of life has sunk into their spirits. They regard us with a blank look as they pass, and then return to their monotonous task of watching the prow of their boat, with their hand or arm on the tiller.

"Good morning!" says Miss Peggy, coming out into the white light with her cheeks fresh-tinted as the rose, and her speedwell-blue eyes shining. "This is a surprise! I made sure it was raining hard—there was such a pattering on the roof."

"And didn't you know what the pattering was?" "Since it wasn't rain, I suppose it was rats."

"Not at all. It was birds. They were hopping about in search of crumbs among all that rubbish that we scraped off in the tunnel. Murdoch must get a brush and sweep the roof; it isn't like him to be so neglectful."

"I know why," she says. "He can hardly take his eyes off Colonel Cameron; and he listens to no one else. I suppose Colonel Cameron is a great hero in Murdoch's eyes."

"Well, you see, the Highlanders have a strong regard for these old families, although the clans and clanship have long been abolished. There isn't much that a Highlander wouldn't do for Lochiel, or Cluny, or Lord Lovat, or some of those. And then, when any representative of these well-known families distinguishes himself, of course the Highlanders are very proud of him, and don't make too little of his exploits. At the same time, you must remember that Ewen Cameron's name is known—slightly—to other people besides the Highlanders."

"I think he is almost too gentle for a soldier, don't you?" she says. "No; I won't say that; for I like him so much; and I'm not the least bit afraid of him now. Yes, I like him very much indeed, and that's honest now; and I don't see how anyone can help liking him. He is so considerate. Do you notice how he never forgets to say something to Murdoch in Gaelic when they meet for the first time in the morning? It is a little thing; but I think it is very nice of him. I consider him to be just a type of what a perfect gentleman should be in manners—I mean, he is nearer my idea of that than anyone I have ever met. He is so natural; and so very kind to you without making any pretence about it; and never anything is done for display; and then he never worries you with attentions; perhaps it's rather the other way—perhaps he is a little stand-offish; but then, you know he has lived so long among the English and their airs of indifference. Well, I like even that in his manner. There is a kind of proud simplicity about him, that is so different from—well, from the kind of mock gallantry that young men think so fine. Oh, I wish girls could talk!"

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"Can't they?"

"I wish they were allowed to speak their minds—some people would be surprised! Why, they'll come to you—a perfect stranger—and they'll profess to be so complaisant, and give themselves such fascinating airs, and pretend to be charmed, too, by your superior accomplishments; and they think you're such a fool as not to see through it all! And of course a girl can't say 'Oh, go away and don't make an ass of yourself!'"

"It certainly would not be usual for a well brought-up young lady to speak in that way."

"It's only their vanity!" continues Miss Peggy, with contemptuous vehemence. "And what they say to you they say to the next, and to the next dozen, and to the next hundred; and they think that girls are so simple as not to know. Well, we're simple enough, but we've ceased to be infants, I suppose."

How far her indignation might have carried her, it is impossible to guess; but at this moment the door was again opened, and out came a tall figure with another "Good-morning!" while Miss Peggy was instantly struck silent, and that with some obvious embarrassment. She even flushed slightly; and to cover her not quite intelligible confusion she had to say quickly—

they saw a soldier coming along in the English uniform, and wearing a black cockade in his hat."

"Peggy," interposes a small person, who has insinuated herself into this group after a brief "Good-morning" all round, "of course you know that the white cockade was the Stewart badge."

"There grows a bonnie brier-bush in our kail-yard,
And white are the blossoms o't in our kail-yard."

"Their first impression," our Colonel resumed, "was that this straggler might perhaps be some hare-brained adventurer who had come along intending to shoot at the Prince; however, Lord Kilmarnock immediately went down-stairs and into the street, went up to the man, struck off his hat, and put his foot on the black cockade. The next moment one of the Highlanders standing by had rushed on Lord Kilmarnock and shoved him away; Kilmarnock instantly pulled out his pistol and presented it at his assailant; the Highlander drew his dirk; and goodness only knows what would have happened if a number of the Highlander's companions had not interposed on behalf of their comrade and driven Lord Kilmarnock off. And what was it all about? Why, the man with the black cockade was a Cameron who had been in an English regiment, and who, of course, deserted to join the standard of his chief as soon as he got the chance; and, being a Cameron



He wheeled and coaxed—Miss Peggy helping him—without avail.

"Here is Miss Rosslyn, Cameron, who wants to know all about the Highland clans, and the clansmen, and their relations to the chiefs. And about the '45 rising, too; she is to be made a partisan of Prince Charlie; she must be turned into a Jacobite if there's going to be any peace and quietude on board this boat. And who can do that better than yourself?"

"Oh, no," he said, with a smile, "no, no, no; all that is past and gone now. Chiefs and clansmen are alike loyal now—a-days, we are the Queen's 'loyal Highlanders,' and proud to wear the title."

"Yes, but don't you understand," one says to him, "how interesting it must be to an ingenuous young student from America—where all the institutions and habits and customs are comparatively new—to hear of this very old-world state of society; yes, and to hear of it from one related to the people who were 'out' in the '45?"

"Well, when you think of it," says Inverfask (for Miss Peggy has not a word to say for herself, having been in some mysterious kind of way "caught"), "it does seem strange that the clan system was actually in existence in the last century, and within a couple of days' ride—or a single day's ride, you might almost say—from the city of Edinburgh. And very little the good people of Edinburgh knew about the Highlanders and their ways. I suppose you never heard the story of what happened to Lord Kilmarnock at Falkirk—it is in Chambers' 'History of the Rebellion'—and you should get that book, Miss Rosslyn, if you are at all curious to know about that time—Lord Kilmarnock had raised a troop of horse for the Prince, and had been with him all through the expedition into England, and all through the retreat, and so must have got some knowledge of the clansmen and their customs. But what happened at Falkirk no doubt puzzled him. The day after the battle, the Prince and he were looking down from the window of a house in the town, and to their surprise

the other Camerons standing around would not have him interfered with by anyone, whatever his rank. This was a matter for the clan and the chief of the clan with which no outsider could intermeddle. 'No one in the Prince's army,' they said, 'had the right to take the cockade out of the man's hat except Lochiel himself.' And if the Edinburgh and Glasgow people," Inverfask continued (seeing that Miss Peggy was an attentive listener), "were afraid of those wild folk from the hills, you may imagine what the English villagers thought of them. That must have been an odd experience for Lochiel—the 'Gentle Lochiel' they called him in the north—when he went into the lodgings assigned him—somewhere in England it was—and found his landlady on her knees before him, entreating him to take her life, but spare her two little children. I suppose he did not look much of an ogre; for when he told her he did not mean to harm anyone, she answered that it was the general belief that the Highlanders made small children a common article of food. Then, when he still further reassured her, she called aloud, 'Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you'; and the trembling creatures came out of a clothes-press where they had been hidden. Indeed, the bulk of those Highlanders must have looked like savages to the English people, accustomed to their trim soldiers. Their very weapons were the weapons of savages."

Here Murdoch's bell tinkled, and we had all to troop in to the little breakfast-table in the saloon; but now that Queen Tita had found Colonel Cameron willing to improve and inform the mind of her young American friend, she was not going to let him abandon the task.

"I'm afraid, Sir Ewen," she said, "you'll have to give Peggy a good deal of information; she has never been through the hall at Inverfask, you know."

"Well," he said, "isn't it odd to think that only in the last century our own countrymen were going into battle with a target



Shortwood Dingle.

made of wood and bull's-hide, and studded with brass nails, on their left arm to protect them? It is hardly to be wondered at that the English were bewildered by the manner of fighting of those wild Highlanders. This was what they did—if Miss Rosslyn cares to know. The front rank was composed almost entirely of gentlemen—connected by blood with the chief, that is—and they were armed with the leather target, a musket, a claymore, pistols, and dirk; the rear rank had any kind of weapon they could lay their hand on—sometimes a scythe or a sickle attached to a pole. When the line charged, the Highlanders rushed forward until they were quite at close quarters; fired their muskets and threw them away; drew their claymores and again rushed forward, receiving the bayonets of the enemy on their targets, that almost entirely covered them; then they twisted aside the bayonet-point fixed in the target, and found the helpless English soldier at their mercy. The fury of this first onslaught is said on all hands to have been incredible: why, at Culloden, there was one of the Mackintoshes—John Mor Macgilvray, I think was his name—hewed his way into the English lines a gun-shot past the cannons, and he had a dozen men lying killed around him before they could get him dispatched. Well, that was not the reason that made Macdonald of Keppoch keep up a hopeless struggle, when everything was lost. You remember, the Macdonalds were mortally offended because at Culloden they were given the left of the line, whereas they had always fought on the right; the consequence was, they refused to move; they stood the enemy's fire with the greatest coolness and courage; but nothing could induce them to charge; and, at last, with the general retreat, they turned also and fled. When Keppoch saw that he cried aloud, "My God, have the children of my tribe forsaken me?"—doesn't it sound like something you have read of in the Old Testament?—and he rushed forward, alone, to certain death. He fell wounded; and even then one of his followers tried to get him to leave the field; but no; he went forward again; received another shot, and fell dead. And well it was," continued Inverfask, in a lower voice, and with a darker light in his eye, "that he fell dead. He might have lain on the field that night, and the next day, too, until it pleased the Butcher to send out his platoons of musketry in order to put the wounded out of their pain. I believe that was his phrase."

Then he seemed to reflect that this was rather a gloomy subject for a bright and cheerful Sunday morning in Worcestershire; and he began to talk to his hostess about the use of these old claymores, and cavalry pistols and dirks in the way of decoration, and to warn her against the sham targets manufactured—dints and all—in Edinburgh for the embellishment of hotel smoking-rooms and the halls of rich Glasgow merchants.

"But, Colonel Cameron," said Miss Peggy, harking back, "are the Highlanders of the present day—are your Highland soldiers—anything like those clansmen who followed Charles Edward into England?"

"Well," he said with a smile, "you wouldn't find much outward likeness between a Highland regiment of to-day and the men who came down from the hills with Clanronald and Glengarry and the rest of them. But our present Highlanders have inherited a good many of their qualities—for you don't change the instincts of a race in a century and a half. As all the world knows, they are brave—what the Highland regiments have done in the British army would be a long story to tell; they are immensely proud of their nationality; they are warmly devoted to such officers as they like; and they need to be humoured a little. Colin Campbell never did a more astute thing in his life than when he announced to the Forty-Second, the Ninety-Third, and the Seventy-Ninth—just after they had won the heights of Alma—that he meant to ask the Commander-in-Chief for permission to wear the Highland bonnet during the rest of the campaign. It was an adroit compliment; he himself wrote home how pleased the men were. And I have no doubt that the one occasional defect of the Highland soldier—his impetuosity—his anxiety to come to close quarters and carry everything with a rush—is inherited from the clansmen. You remember how Sir Colin had to roar at the Ninety-Third when they went forward at Balaclava?—Ninety-Third, Ninety-Third, damn all that eagerness!" Well, he had no reason to complain of their want of steadiness when they were at length formed in position: the 'thin red line,' and how it withstood the charge of the Russian cavalry, and broke them, and hurled them back, will not be forgotten soon, I think. Indeed, Sir Colin must have had a fair amount of confidence in his Highlanders when he did not form them into square to receive that tremendous charge; they were not even in fours; they were only two deep; and everyone, Dr. Russell wrote at

the time, stopped, breathless, to watch the 'bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock.' I'm afraid the clansmen could not have withstood a charge like that," continues Colonel Cameron—addressing himself mainly to the young American lady, who, strangely enough, seems a hundred times more interested in hearing of these deeds of blood and battle than in listening to Jack Dancombe's literary disquisitions and his cursing of the critics. "No: the first rush was everything with them. Prestonpans—where they first met the English, as you know—was the work of a few minutes, so headlong was their assault. Lochiel told his followers to strike at the noses of the horses, so as to produce confusion in the English ranks; but they never got the chance; the dragoons bolted straight away."

"They a' ran awa', ran awa', frae the hundred pipers and a' and a'!" says our twopenny-halfpenny Jacobite at the head of the table; and at the same moment Captain Columbus makes his appearance without; and presently Murdoch is standing at the door of the saloon, awaiting orders.

Now, this being Sunday, Queen Tita would rather have given our gay young mariners and their diligent horse a rest; but, as appeared from our noble captain's report, there were ominous rumours abroad among the canal-folk of intended repairs somewhere or other; and he himself was distinctly of opinion that we should at least push forward and get through the two tunnels. So we assented to that; poled the boat across to the tow-path; had the line affixed to the harness; and were once more gliding along.

But when we came to the first of the tunnels, we found we had just missed the steam-launch, which had disappeared with its long convoy into that black hole in the earth; and as there was now a considerable time for us to wait, we all got ashore, and proceeded to explore the neighbouring wood, which is known as Shortwood Dingle. And a very picturesque wood this turned out to be—here and there showing wide clearances, where the trees had been felled, here and there dipping down into a deep hollow, where one could hardly get through the tangled bushes. And we had not been strolling very far when we discovered that we had come into the land of which the poets fable. The wild-flowers were all wrong. We had noticed in the Warwickshire woods a kind of tendency on the part of Nature to jumble up the times and seasons; but that was nothing to the anachronisms we encountered here. We remembered charges we had brought against Milton, Shakespeare, Burns (Burns, curiously enough, is never wrong in his poetry—it is when he is writing inflated prose that he trips up), and others; and we were filled with remorse of conscience. For in these open spaces between the felled stumps, and in the glades between the bushes, and down in the moist dells, amid all the profusion of bloom, the customary dates of the coming and going of the earlier wild-flowers of the year seemed to have been quite disregarded. Here, for example, were scattered patches of the red campion (*Lychnis diurna*), which, properly speaking, is a June and July flower. There, between the trees, were sheets of the wild hyacinth, making a blue as of the sky overhead. Everywhere, among the dank grass, were pale yellow clusters of primroses; and the primrose is usually held to be an April visitant (we were now well on in May), though the present writer has occasionally found an odd specimen as late as August. However, the matter of times and seasons bothered us little; here was a rare abundance of blossoms: the white stars of the stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea*); the tender-hued yellow dead-nettle; the darker coloured cowslip; the purple self-heal; the modest violet among its smooth, dark, leaves; the bright little flower of the wild strawberry, and many another old familiar friend. For the rest, we found this Shortwood Dingle rather a dampish place; but even in the deeper hollows the crude greens of the early summer were tempered by the russets and browns of the fallen oak-leaves; and the sunlight striking down here and there spread a soft radiance around.

Miss Peggy was busy. She said the sconces in the saloon had never been properly decorated. Now she would have one entirely surrounded with cowslips, another with wild hyacinths, another with yellow dead-nettle, the fourth with red campion, while an indiscriminate mass of blossoms might adorn the table. Mrs. Threepenny-bit wanted to know (as if anybody could tell her) why Shakespeare, among all his references to wild-flowers, never mentions the hyacinth or blue-bell, though it must be much more common in these parts (this was her contention) than the "azure hare-bell" that was to strew the grave of Imogen. Colonel Cameron, when he was not talking to the women, was chiefly on the outlook for pheasants—of which we saw none. And so we wandered along through this picturesque dingle, and up to a height from which there is a wide view over the adjacent country, and eventually back to the canal, where there were now several boats besides our own awaiting the arrival of the steam-launch.

When that far from gay vessel arrived, we were all water-proofed and ready for the ordeal—all except Mrs. Threepenny-bit, who preferred to sit by herself in the saloon, awaiting events, and consoling herself with the reflection that these two Tardebigg tunnels were shorter than the West Hill one. Shorter we found them; but also much darker—indeed, absolutely dark; for the bargemen did not seem to consider it necessary to light their lamps on this occasion. Accordingly, one had to steer by touch—that is to say, by the scraping of the boat on one or the other side of the tunnel; and as the second of these subterranean ways is hewn out of solid rock, the poor Nameless Barge suffered many a rude knock in her laborious passage. But Miss Peggy had grown quite fearless now. She begged to be allowed to steer—a request that was instantly and distinctly refused; for we did not want to be drowned like rats in a drain. She even, in a quite unconcerned way (to judge by her tone, for one could not get even a glimmering outline of her) returned to the subject of the Highland regiments and the surviving traces of clanship and comradeship—as if one could listen to the idle chatter of this long-limbed school-girl while piloting a valuable argosy through unknown deeps. So we scraped and tore our way along first the one tunnel, and then—with an interval of smooth sailing in the white day—through its rock-hewn successor; until, ahead of us in the dark, there grew up and waxed brighter and brighter a sort of fuliginous, confused, opalescent glare; then finally we plunged into that bewildering glory—bronze-hued or sapphire-hued it appeared as we approached it—and suddenly emerged into a sunlit greenness of foliage and the quietude of the outer world.

"How many more of these tunnels shall we have to go through?" asks Queen Tita; and it would seem that the more she sees of them the less she likes them.

"Not another one; that is the last. The next possible danger we have to face is going down the Severn; and I dare say we shall be able to manage somehow. 'We'll warsele through.'"

"Oh, I don't mind what it is—so long as there is daylight," she says; and then she adds—looking back to the low archway of the tunnel—"but I confess I am not anxious for any more experiences of that kind."

"But just think of the story you will have to tell when you go back to London!" says Miss Peggy, putting her arm round her friend's neck for a moment, as she is passing along to her cabin, to get the sand and wet out of her pretty brown hair.

This was a strange sort of afternoon. We were now at a very considerable elevation, and could overlook a vast extent of country stretching away on both sides of us; but there was a pale mist lying over the land, with which the faint sunlight was ineffectually struggling; and here and there, indeed, the far wooded heights seemed to rise out of a sea of white fog. The map informed us of the hilly nature of the neighbourhood—Shadow Hill, Turret Hill, Breakneck Hill, Hill-top, and so on; but all that we could make out was a ghostly kind of landscape looming through the grey vapour; sometimes catching a pale yellow tone from a shaft of sunlight, sometimes showing darker ridges of trees, high in air, rising out of the formless chaos in the valleys beneath. It was grievous that we should thus be cheated out of the wide prospect; but in any case we had soon to descend from our lofty position; we came to a series of no fewer than six-and-thirty locks; and working our way laboriously down through these, we found ourselves close to Stoke Prior. It only remains to be noted that, just as we reached the foot of that long flight of steps and stairs, Mrs. Threepenny-bit and Miss Peggy, who happened to be in the saloon together, made a remarkable discovery. They discovered that the glass had risen very considerably. This was such joyous news that they must needs come rushing forth to proclaim it. And, apparently, it gave them so much pleasure that it was not worth while informing the innocent young things that the aneroid had risen, not to announce any change in the weather, but simply because we had descended from the heights to the plain.

It was a social afternoon, too. We had an abundance of visitors. The people belonging to the chemical works near Stoke had come out for their Sunday evening stroll—they and their families—and the banks of the canal seemed to be their favourite promenade. We were so fortunate as to be able to afford them quite a novel excitement and cause of wonder; and the curiosity with which they examined the boat, and the inmates of the boat, and tried to get glimpses of the interior of the saloon, was of the most open and simple and ingenuous kind.

"They look as if they would like very much to be invited on board," Queen Tita said.

"If we stop anywhere, I shall try to get some of the children on board," Inverfask made answer. "It will be a rare-show for them to remember for years."

And he was as good as his word—or tried to be. A bridge stopped us for a minute or two; and there happened to be a number of small folk on the bank, both boys and girls. But they were not to be enticed. He wheedled and coaxed—Miss Peggy helping him—without avail; either they stared with stolid eyes or grinned and lunged back. On the other hand, two bland and healthy-cheeked young rustics, of about eighteen or twenty, informed us that they had to tramp that night all the way to Worcester; and were so kind as to offer us their society for as far as we might be going. We were obliged to decline that amiable proposal. And so—gradually leaving behind us the last twos and threes of that vagrant population—we sailed smoothly on by Summer Hill, and Hadsor, and Dunhamstead,



They had to tramp that night all the way to Worcester.

and Oddingley; while the grey mists around us deepened, and the dusk came over the voiceless land.

We were at length forced to call a halt, and ask Captain Columbus if he had any idea where he was going to put up for the night. He said he had not. On consulting the map, we found the only place with a name in this neighbourhood was called Tibberton; and we advised him and the horse-marine to go in quest of it, before it became quite dark. Accordingly, off they went, leaving us to our solitude; and we were not sorry when all the lamps and candles were lit in the saloon, shutting out those pale swathes of mist, and shining cheerfully on the white cloth of the dinner-table, now gay with the Shortwood Dingle flowers.

And then it was—at dinner—that Queen Tita skilfully drew our Colonel on to talk about Inverfask House, and the trophies in the hall there, and 1745, and kindred matters; and this he did freely enough; for these were not his own exploits or experiences he was asked to speak about; and he could not but see that the young American lady was very much interested.

"And naturally it is interesting to you," he said to her, "for America has never come through any such phase of civilisation; and it is indeed a survival of a state of society unknown anywhere else in Europe. That is why I think we ought to have some great historical picture to preserve its appearance for us. Perhaps there is some such thing; I don't know; I have been so much abroad that I am not familiar with the public galleries; but there ought to be such a picture—in Edinburgh, for example. I don't mean mere incidents in the Jacobite rebellions; but a general picture of the Highland Army—say, as it appeared on the morning of the Battle of Prestonpans. Don't you think it would be very striking? I mean just before the battle began, when the sun rolled away the mist, showing the Highland lines—the gentlemen in the front rank, with targets and claymores and dirks; about the middle of the line, the chief of the clan and his immediate kinsmen; the rear rank made up of his half-armed followers—unkempt, wild-haired, why-looking men from the hills, many of them bare-legged and bare-footed from the long marching. It was just before the charge that the whole mass of them removed their bonnets, and offered up a short prayer: wouldn't that make a striking scene for a painter?"

"And who led the charge, Peggy? And who first sent the English Dragoons flying? It was the clan Cameron!" interposed Mrs. Threepenny-bit, with a kind of triumph; and a very pretty speech it was—for an Englishwoman to make.

"I wonder," continued our Colonel, "if anyone has ever painted the meeting of Prince Charlie with the Seven Men of Glenmorriston—that is a very picturesque incident, now!"

"Who were they?" Miss Peggy asked at once.

"Well, if you are at all interested in the story of the Prince's wanderings—and it is an interesting story—I hope you will allow me to send you the *Journal of the Miraculous Escapes of the Young Chevalier*," said he. "It has been reprinted; I will send you a copy of the little book."

"Oh, thank you very much," said she dutifully. "But who were the men you spoke of?"

"Sometimes," said this most amiable of historians, to his intensely interested audience of two—two crazy women, that is to say—"sometimes they are described as noted thieves and robbers, who lived in a cave in the mountains, subsisting on such plunder as they could get; but I believe the truth is they were simply a small band of men who had been in the Prince's army and who had been grievously ill-treated by the English—despoiled of everything they possessed—and had retired to these wilds, swearing an oath to be revenged on the Government troops and all their allies. However that may be, starvation compelled the Prince to throw himself on the mercy of these outlaws. He and his attendants had been wandering among the hills for forty-eight hours without food of any kind; they had no means of communicating with Lochiel or any of the others who were also skulking in the mountains; and as a last resource, Glenaladale—or his brother, I forget which—advised that they should seek out those men in the cave. That must have been a striking incident, don't you think, when the Prince, all ragged and emaciated with his sufferings, was brought into the den in the rocks, where those half-savage fellows—who couldn't talk a word of English—had secreted themselves. Glenaladale introduced the Prince to them as young Clanranald; but they recognised him at once; and constituted themselves his body-guard, swearing an oath, in Gaelic, to be faithful to him."

"And mind you, Peggy," Queen Tita again interposes (so wild is she about these Highland folk), "mind you, Peggy, any one of those poor wretches could at any moment, and without any danger or trouble, have gone to the nearest military station and claimed £30,000 for telling where the Prince was."

"Chambers says," continues Colonel Cameron—and of course it is chiefly for Miss Peggy's edification that he is recalling these old stories—"that those poor fellows kept their oath so well that they never mentioned the Prince's name until a twelvemonth after he had escaped to France. And when he, on first trusting his safety to them, proposed that Glenaladale and himself should also take an oath of fidelity towards them, pledging every one of the party to stand by the others to the last, they said no; they did not require that."

"And yet they say that a Prince who could inspire such heroic devotion was a contemptible person!" the smaller woman exclaimed, with proud lips.

"A contemptible person he was not," said Cameron, gravely. "He had the stuff in him of a capable soldier; and it was a grievous misfortune he was ever led away by promises from the French Court to attempt an enterprise that cost many a brave man his life and ruined many a family. I suppose claimants for thrones don't take such things into account. Anyway, it would have been a bad day for both England and Scotland if he had succeeded; everyone knows that; and everyone may acknowledge as much and yet admit that Charles Edward was an able and intrepid soldier, a generous and high-spirited companion—even in the worst of his troubles—and a gallant Prince. It is conceded by everyone who came in contact with him—from the chiefs of the clans who ventured their fortunes for him to the poor wretched islanders who perilled their lives for him, and who, years and years after, could never hear his name mentioned without tears rushing into their eyes. That is not the kind of enthusiasm and strong and devoted affection that is awakened by any contemptible person."

Queen Tita seemed very happy all the rest of this evening, and was most effusively kind to Colonel Cameron; and she said that, if Miss Rosslyn should happen to be in the Highlands with us that autumn, she hoped he would allow these two to pay a visit—in his absence, of course—to Inverfask House, so that Miss Rosslyn should see the hall and its contents. Colonel Cameron answered that to invite anyone to visit a house with the owner if he absent was not what was generally considered a Highland welcome; and, if he only knew about what time these two friends were likely to be in the neighbourhood of Inverfask, it would be hard if he could not find a few days in which to go north to receive them. And Miss Peggy seemed mightily pleased, too—but whether it was at the notion of inspecting Inverfask House, or from some other cause, one could not definitely say.

(To be continued.)

The portraits of Miss Harriett Jay and the late Mr. John Clayton are given in the *Theatre* for April.

A distinguished service reward has been conferred upon Deputy Surgeon General W. Walker, of the Indian Medical Department.

The Convention of representatives of the Royal Burghs of Scotland, at its annual gathering in Edinburgh, adopted, by forty-three votes to twenty, a resolution declaring that Home Rule should be granted to Scotland, whereby the people should have the sole control of their own national affairs. The amendment, which was lost, was in favour of a large measure of self-government being given to Scotland, without interfering with the supremacy of Parliament. The Convention also resolved that the Secretary for Scotland should always have a seat in the Cabinet, and that measures not passed in one session of Parliament should be taken up the next at the point where they had been dropped.

The Royal Commission for the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition are engaged in forming a loan collection of works of art, and the works already placed at their disposal for exhibition at Melbourne, though not yet very numerous, are of remarkable quality. Contributions are promised from the collections of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Rosebery, Lord Brassey; Sir T. Bazley, Sir Charles Tennant, Messrs. T. Agnew and Sons, Mr. W. Agnew, Mr. Gillilan, Mr. Abraham Haworth, Major Shuttleworth, Mr. Gregory, and other collectors; and the Commission have every hope of obtaining a collection which will be representative of the best modern British art, and worthy of so remarkable an occasion as the centenary of the settlement of Australia. They will be glad to receive offers of further contributions at their office, No. 79, Spring-gardens, to the end of April.

Lord Wantage, as chairman of the National Rifle Association, has drawn up a memorandum for the information of the council. In his opinion, one of the main points which should determine the selection of a new site for the annual meeting is that the land should be owned by the association. In close proximity to the shooting-ground should be an area for camping sufficient in extent to accommodate numerous battalions, who could combine rifle-shooting with their drill, and possibly pass all their men through the shooting-classes during the period of their encampment. The Government have promised, whenever a new scheme shall be laid before them, to give it their best consideration and material support. Lord Wantage thinks this may be most opportunely done by voting some of the money toward the purchase of a freehold site suited to the various purposes of the association. A few of the suggested sites now being investigated are Nazing-common, near Broxbourne; Brighton (land belonging to Lord Abergavenny); Hassocks, near Brighton; Horton Park (2500 acres), offered by Mr. Phipps, M.P.; Berkshire Downs, near Didcot Station; and sites at Redhill, Epsom, and Harrow.

THE OLD PATH.

In Uhland's beautiful ballad the stranger gives "thrice his fee" to the boatman who has ferried him over the stream, because "spirits twain"—though invisibly to him—have also made the passage: the spirits of two comrades "old and tried," who, long years ago, crossed "in this same boat" the "restless wave." Ah me! as I tread again the well-remembered path, with the spring-song of the birds in my ears, and the spring beauty of leaf and flower before my eyes, how many a phantom form, unseen by any but myself, is prepared to share my ramble as of old! Yes, it is no silent and solitary walk I take. The old friends are by my side; I hear again their frank, free voices, instinct with the fresh vigour of early manhood. I recall the adventurous discussions on things human and divine which made our hearts burn within us by the way. I remember the joyful expression of sanguine hopes, too many of which have dropped like leaves in the blast. I remember the bright visions of the future poet, the airy speculations of the nascent philosopher, the eager forecasts of the budding artist; and, alas! I know how the dreams have vanished, and what stern realities have taken their place. Some of those old companions, "true and tried," on earth "in silence wrought," and their graves "in silence sought." Others are doing their duty still in the posts which Providence has assigned to them in the battle of life, but so far away that it is improbable the relentless power which men call Circumstance will ever again bring them and myself within hand-grasp of each other. And yet, mysteriously enough, the living and the dead seem gathered here to-day to trace with me once more—the Old Path.

If one comes to think of it, this old path must be haunted, for all who have eyes to see, by whole troops of shadowy visitants. Here, two centuries and a half ago, the Round-head hummed his surly hymn, and the Cavalier trolled his boisterous song of love and loyalty. Here the stately Georgian dame, with hoop a world too wide for the narrow limits of the footpath, may have waited to see her lord riding homeward with the baying hounds. Here the young squire has kept tryst with the village beauty, incurring the wrath of his high-born mother by stooping to win so humble a mate. Here the rude forefathers of the hamlet have stumbled wearily over ridge and furrow to and from their daily labour in the farmstead or the field. With bent head and downcast eyes and slouching step, pursuing their monotonous courses—stimulated by no wholesome ambitions, cheered by no happy outlooks, but incessantly absorbed in the weary work which but scantily provides their daily bread. Of all God's creatures none, I think, are so patient as the English agricultural labourer, who, with the burden of a sordid poverty ever weighing on those bowed shoulders of his, drags on to the grave, seldom giving utterance to complaint or reproach. In almost any other vocation there is, at least, a prospect of something better; but no such prospect exists for those who toil and moil "in Arcady." The peasant lives and dies a peasant—unable, and, perhaps, not often willing, to rise above his condition.

Then, again, the Old Path has been for generations the favourite resort of the village lads and lasses in that brief, sweet "wooing-time," which brightens with a transitory flush of radiance the unutterable dullness of the bucolic life. Do not ridicule, my friends, the rustic wooer! Colin Clout is awkward and unmanly enough, 'tis true; addicted to rough jests, or else sheep-faced and slow of speech; as far removed as possible from the graceful and gracious swains who, in pastoral romances and poetic eclogues, compose sonnets to their mistress's eyebrows, carve amatory couplets on the bark of the wide-spreading beech, or like the "shepherd-grooms" in Spenser's "Faery Queene," are to be seen "playing on pipes and carolling apace"; but, remember, those fugitive days of courtship—"keeping company," as he calls it—supply the only break of blue in the obscurity that rounds off his commonplace existence. Then, indeed, for a while, he is an Orlando, a Ferdinand, a Romeo; the equal of poet and paladin; his coarser nature all transmuted into shining gold by the influence of that great passion which refines, purifies, and elevates humanity.

The most charming characteristic of our English scenery I take to be its variety. Its aspect is always changing; like a coy beauty, you never know what aspect it will next assume. Follow with me the devious course of the Old Path, and you shall discover a continual diversity, which will keep your attention incessantly occupied, and maintain your interest perennially undiminished. At first it hugs the sunny side of a wide, green meadow—a luxuriant boundary hedge, where the grey tassels of the hazel have long been conspicuous, sheltering it from the cold winds of the north-east. This is a famous hunting-ground for the amateur botanist. Here, in the first weeks of a genial spring, he will find many a sweet blossom, following up the beneficent order of Nature, and opening to the sunshine, at its appointed time—red campions, cuckoo-flowers, dandelions, vetches, stitchwort; and, by-and-by, there will be balmy honeysuckle overhead, and black briony will trail its graceful wreaths, and traveller's-joy gather in thick clusters of creamy bloom. We cross a stile, the rude rough beams of which are carved all over with uncouth initials, and find ourselves in a broad, open wheat-field, which is now beginning to make some show of green, and darkens or lightens according as shadow or sunshine sweeps over the bladed ridges. And now we can catch the low silvery trills and bell-like cadences of the blackcap; the sparrows fill the air with sharp twittering cries; from yonder bush, where he mounts guard over his mud-lined nest, the osel-cock pipes an exultant song; the soft, sweet notes of the wheatear may, perhaps, be heard in the distance; close at hand the little willow-wren utters a few timid notes; while a dark flight of rooks sail onward to their homes among the windy elms with a clang and a loud hoarse clamour which sounds like the jangling of swords.

This brown lea beyond is enamelled with daisies, "powdered over," like that green valley which Chaucer tells of, whither he went at early morn to watch "the day's eye" open, and, again, at eve, "to see this flower, how it will go to rest, For fear of night, so hateth it the darkness." Happy daisy! which has had for its laureates such great true singers as Chaucer, and Burns, and Wordsworth. A gentle slope leads us down into a spinney or coppice, where the young hawthorns and elder-trees are putting on their first green leafage, and the tall, spruce firs stand erect, like the spears of giant warriors, and the red soil is almost hidden by broad patches of ground-ivy and odorous breadths of primrose. Primroses are here by the score—by the hundred. The ground is literally carpeted with them. This sequestered genial copse is a tiny realm of primroses, their fair pale-yellow petals wearing that peculiar look of dewy freshness which is, I think, this flower's most exquisite charm. Go further into the wood, and you will meet, perhaps, with the pendulous, many-hued flower of the delicate anemone; and the sweet white violets betray their hiding-place by wafts of fragrance; and deep in the grass hides the bloom of the ivy-leaved veronica; and yonder bank shines with the blue glints of the germander-speedwell; and there is so much beauty everywhere that on a clear spring morning, when the azure heavens glow with a glory that denies not its reflected lustre to the

landscape, one's heart is almost overpowered with joy—"our bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne."

On emerging from the copse we ascend a stiff bit of rising ground—a short, sharp climb; and the Old Path, forsaking the covert of the hedge-row, strikes right into the open, as if on purpose to afford the best possible view of a noble range of terraced hills which, with picturesque sweep, curve to the southward, and seem almost alive with a kind of swift, tremulous motion, as the strong breeze drives successive waves of shadow and sunlight over their dappled declivities. Between us and their wooded spurs lies a pleasant stretch of country—corn-field and pasture-land, grove and orchard, croft and garden—dotted with cosy farm-houses and white cottages, with a tall spire springing up among the trees in one direction, and a grey old ivy-crowned tower rising square-set in another; while a trailing vapour in the distance marks the course of the "iron-road," which has brought life and activity and unrest into what was a lotus-land of slothful and unprofitable ease.

When it gains the summit of the ridge the Old Path turns to the right, and winds through acres of hop-gardens into another field of grain—not wheat, this time, but oats—which sets one a-thinking of the golden autumn days, when all around the green fairy bells will swing to and fro in the warm, soft, passing airs. Here a narrow, rutty lane cuts across our way. Looking up it, we catch sight of three or four gabled cottages, trimly thatched, and, just beyond, of a substantial farm-house—its walls festooned with ivy, except where an old jargoned pear-tree is preparing to spread out its blossoms to the sun—and of the rick-yard in its rear, well filled with compactly-wrought ricks, such as a good farmer loves to have about him. No object is more unsightly than a ragged, ill-made rick, looking as unkempt and slatternly as an idle housewife. "Two steps and a jump" take us across the lane, which is just wide enough to permit the passage of the farmer's waggons in single file; and through a swinging gate we enter another reach of woodland, where the trees, however, are much older and more stalwart than in the spinney, and the briars and brambles of the undergrowth are so largely luxuriant that they testify to years of quiet and undisturbed development. As we proceed, the mossy trunks stand more and more closely together, and the hollows are knee-deep with the leaves of many autumns. Birches are here, and oaks and elms and beeches; and it is a pleasure to observe the different characters of their stems and branches, and to study the individuality which Nature has stamped on every tree. As we move forward silently, for the *genius loci* checks our merry talks, and cautiously, for dead boughs, stripped from their parent trunks, lie scattered over the path, we hear—all at once—the full, rich, sonorous notes of the missel-thrush, broken in upon, at intervals, by the plaintive "minor third" of the distant cuckoo.

Out of the wood, and across another field, and yet another, each with its special features of interest—if one had the time to dwell upon them—and before us stands the weather-worn lichen wall of the village churchyard. A turnstile admits us within its sacred precincts, and we linger for a while among the daisied graves, some of quite recent date, with crosses of everlasting and little posies of such wild-flowers as the early spring affords, laid tenderly upon them—laid, perhaps, with silent tears and sharp heart-pangs, by a young husband mourning for the young wife torn rudely from his straining arms, or by a fond mother sighing for a beloved child, or by a bereaved sister grieving over the irreparable loss of one who has been the joy and pride of her tender years. We read the quaint verses carved on the old memorial stones; we walk round the grey old church, which, like so many of our village churches, has evidently been built bit by bit in successive periods—Transition Norman, Early English, Decorated, Perpendicular—and is, therefore, a kind of chronicle in stone in which one may read of the remote past. We feel the hush and calm of the still graveyard entering into our souls, and subduing our thoughts and feelings to a solemn tranquillity in harmony with the scene. And we perceive how right and fitting it is that the Old Path should terminate *here*, as all the paths of life sooner or later terminate; the statesman's and the soldier's, the poet's and the artist's, the millionaire's and the pauper's; the path of ambition, or of pride, or of love; the path of ill-doing as of well-doing; the path of youth, cut short amidst its flowers; the path of age, strewn thick with faded leaves; all ending—among the Graves! W. H. D.-A.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS IN 1887.

The statistics, compiled by Sir Brydges P. Henniker, the Registrar-General, of marriages, births, and deaths registered in England and Wales during the year 1887 have been issued. The returns are given under the head of the eleven divisions into which England and Wales are divided, and also under the several counties. The population, which was enumerated at 25,974,439 just seven years ago, was estimated to have increased to 28,217,151 by the middle of last year. The number of marriages was 200,175. Of these, 59,221 were registered in the quarter ending December; 52,132 in the June; 49,718 in the September; and 38,804 in the March quarter. The total number of births registered was 886,017—namely, 451,517 males and 434,500 females. The number of deaths was 530,577, of which 272,137 were males and 258,440 females. This is equivalent to a death-rate of nearly 19 in the 1000. The population of London (the first and largest division) is estimated at 4,215,192. There were 34,193 marriages, 133,075 births (67,481 males and 65,594 females), and 82,089 deaths (42,031 males and 40,058 females). Thus the death-rate is nearly 20 in the 1000 for London.

The loss to the national Exchequer on worn silver coin withdrawn from circulation last year was £35,000.

Mr. Sydney Fremantle, son of Rear-Admiral the Hon. E. R. Fremantle, C.B., C.M.G., has gained the Goodenough Medal for the year 1887. This medal is annually awarded to the sub-lieutenant who, having obtained a first-class certificate in seamanship, passes the best examination of the year in gunnery.

Austria contains more public libraries than any other European country—577, containing 5,475,000 volumes. France has 500, with 4,598,000 volumes; Germany 398, with 2,610,000 volumes; Great Britain 200, with 2,871,000 volumes. The largest library is the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris, which contains 2,078,000 volumes; and the British Museum, with 1,000,000 volumes, comes next. The Oxford and Heidelberg Universities each contain 300,000 volumes.

According to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Mr. W. H. Paling, of George-street, Sydney, has offered to Lord Carrington his estate at Camden, consisting of 450 acres, with the entire plant and stock, with the sum of £10,000, for the purpose of establishing and endowing a hospital for convalescents. It is Mr. Paling's desire that this hospital should be a memorial of the centennial of the colony, and he also wishes that it should bear the name of the present Governor, and he has requested Lord Carrington to take such steps as may be necessary to carry his ideas into effect.

DULL PEOPLE.

This world is too full of excitement for some of us. I confess it is so for me. If a man has the misfortune to be educated, and is bound in duty to read books, and to study Nature, and to take his part in society, there is an end to all repose. The heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, become his masters and he their slave. He wants to know all that Nature can teach him, and there is nothing, from the treasures of the deep to the spots in the sun, about which he does not get a smattering of knowledge. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." One of these highly intelligent men is so curious that, as the poet says, he will botanise on his mother's grave; and another, with a turn for anatomy, will dissect his dead friends with the utmost pleasure. I have heard of an enthusiast, who had a taste for natural history, devoting his life to the study of spiders; and of another who was the student and historian of an insect of a much more disagreeable kind. These, to be sure, may have been dull men, for the concentration of the mind on a single subject often makes it, to quote Johnson's phrase, as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet; but the highly intelligent persons to whom I object, like variety. There are worlds of knowledge to conquer, and such men strive, at least, to put up their small flag-staffs in them all. Men do I say? alas! the women of our time are equally ambitious, and a young fellow conscious of intellectual deficiencies is afraid of taking a helpmate who knows more about the integral calculus than about cookery and can tell you—

By how many feet
Mount Chimborazo outsoars
Himmelh,eh,
What navigable river joins
itself
To Lara, and what census of
the year five
Was taken at Klagenfurt.

Even Dr. Johnson, who enjoyed the tug-of-war in talk, did not always feel equal to meeting an intellectual antagonist like Burke; but in this age the man who goes into society is expected to be alive at all points, and to converse with equal knowledge about art and literature, about politics and science. I have read many books in my time, and know a little about some of them; but in the society of smart literary men and of ladies deeply versed in the reviews, or who write for the *Woman's World*, I feel myself ignorant, and am glad to find a dull friend or two who thinks, never mind how wrongly, that there is something in me. No one is more vividly impressed with his ignorance than I am; but, happily, dull people don't discover this deficiency, and so I like them.

There are other reasons for this preference. It is my belief that half the solid work of the world is done by dull people. They are not ambitious, and they are not vain. They plod on steadily, and, like the tortoise in the fable, win the goal at last. If they move slowly, their gait gives one a sense of stability and security. Flashes of genius they cannot appreciate. There have been dull jokers, and Burke was right in saying that they are worse than dull prosers; but I object altogether to Pope's statement that dullness loves a joke. What, indeed, did this most quick-witted of poets know about dullness? Something, perhaps, by a poet's inspiration, or he would not have written that waspish poem "The Dunciad"; but the fact that he could not tolerate dull men shows how little he understood their merits. His satire aims many a severe blow at the dullards, but not one of them hits the mark so forcibly as Dryden's couplet on Shadwell:—

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull
With this prophetic blessing, "Be thou dull!"

Shadwell was an author, and I agree entirely with Dryden that a dull man should "do anything but write." He would do better to try the stage, and, as an actor, might succeed in burlesque. Dull authors are an abomination; yet they are sometimes serviceable to a man of wit; and had it not been for Drelincourt "On Death," the world would never have seen Mrs. Veal's ghost.

The soothing power of dullness needs a poet to sing its praises. We do not wish for it in literature; but think how invaluable it is to the critic! We object to it reasonably enough in the pulpit; and yet even there, on a hot Sunday afternoon, it has a soothing virtue. There was a clergyman, Exton by name—and the name deserves to be recorded—who preached and published a sermon in blank verse. The verse is said to have been very bad, and, on that occasion, how sound must have been the slumber that visited the pews! I have known, indeed, a single sentence from a dull preacher produce the effect of an opiate. Then, what an advantage it

is that a dull man is slow to take affront! Say a sharp thing to a clever person and, metaphorically speaking, his sword is instantly drawn from its scabbard; but dull brains work slowly, and before they can understand the situation the assailant has time to run away. You see that there is a Christian spirit in the dull man—he is slow to wrath. But the best men have faults, and so has he. The one I chiefly note is due, perhaps, to the lack of enthusiasm. Your dull man is generally a niggard by nature, and even when pious, not over liberal by grace. On the other hand, he is never a spendthrift. I can imagine his contempt for a reckless fellow like Sheridan, who borrowed from everyone and paid nobody. Sherry was the reverse of dull; but, like his own Charles Surface, he was a bit of a scamp; and I don't think dear Oliver Goldsmith, though a far better man and one of the most lovable, was as exemplary as he might have been. For a poet to owe £2000 when he died was highly improper.

GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

To children, and to the gentle savage, and to every one unacquainted with the contrivances of scientific mechanism, an artificial timepiece is an object of mysterious wonder. The story of a Scottish Highlander, who picked a slain English officer's pocket of his silver watch after the Battle of Preston Pans, has often been told. Murdoch, or Callum Beg, or whatever his name was, cherished the strange little hard-shelled animal, as he supposed it to be, with its lively-beating heart and its voice like the cricket on the hearth. But after less than twenty-four hours, they found him digging a little grave, and sadly preparing for the interment of his deceased pet creature. "She died last night," was his dolorous explanation of the intended funeral; the watch had run down and stopped, as the spring of human bodily life must stop when its force is exhausted; and what could this mean but death?

A little rustic in the sunny plains of Tuscany, the boy whose figure is painted by the Florentine artist, Cipriano Cei, with uncompromising truth of character, and who is not a pretty boy, has got hold of his grandfather's watch. It is the only one he has ever seen; and, not having had the Board School teaching of an English poor boy, this young Italian peasant is still ignorant of the resources of civilisation. The small lads from Parma, with their music-boxes strapped to their shoulders, whom we used often to meet on suburban roads about London, must have been equally surprised, at first, by the faculty of rendering "Ah che la morte," or some Viennese waltz tune, at the mere turning of a handle, in the marvellous instrument provided for them by a cunning employer who seduced them from home to join his wandering slave-gang in France and England. But those juvenile Italians are naturally quick-witted; and, long before they arrived in the purlieus of Hatton-garden, they knew that the capabilities of the barrel-organ were a product of ingenious craft. The machinery of a watch, or even of a clock, does not long continue to excite awe and wonder in the mind of an infant, or any uneducated person. Few of the educated classes take the trouble to examine its construction, but carry the useful article which tells the passing hours and minutes, and which becomes an agreeable companion, in secure reliance on its punctual activity, never caring to study the precise functions of its internal parts. Incomparably finer are the complex arrangements of the organic machine of vital subsistence, in which we all live and move and have our being, and which may itself be regarded as a sort of time-piece, needing to be daily wound up by refreshing food and sleep. Yet how few of us care to learn the marvellous natural adjustment of its members and its processes! how stupidly helpless we are, when they chance to be out of gear! how we give way to superstitious fancies of fatality, at the slightest symptom of disease!

THE ASSASSINS STARTLED.

It is a proverbial truth that "Conscience makes cowards of us all." That cats are always cowards, is not the truth. A cat is wise enough to run away from a stronger foe, if she can; but when she is cornered on a doorstep, with no chance of escape, she will spit defiance at the fiercest dog, and keep him aloof with her terrible little claws. No animal, turning at bay, is capable of sterner fight than the meek and gentle plaything of our parlour and kitchen. The courage of cats, indeed, is rather that of solitary and self-respecting valour than of gregarious combination; and it is doubtful whether two or three have ever gone forth in company to hunt a mouse or a bird. Yet when the prey has been caught by one, two others may speedily arrive, with the injustice of animal nature, eager to snatch at an unearned share of their enterprising fellow-creature's booty. We see that this has already happened in the scene which our Artist has drawn: a trio of feline thieves come to discuss the partition of a victim selected from the poultry-yard by one of the least scrupulous of their race, an outlaw from respectable households, an habitual marauder, who has just perpetrated the criminal act from which they intend to profit. This reminds us of some historical transactions, when three Great Powers of Europe have stood watching the incursion of a disreputable petty Prince into the Balkan provinces—they gravely meet in conference to divide and annex their portions of the territorial spoil. They may well have such uneasy consciences as to be startled, like those dishonest cats, by a trifling sudden apparition; and the harmless butterflies, hovering around the mutilated carcase, give a momentary alarm.



"GRANDFATHER'S WATCH: TICK! TICK!"—PICTURE BY CIPRIANO CEI.

From a Photograph by Alinari Frères, Florence.

With a friend like Johnson to advise him he should have known better. The virtuous Boswell, too, could give good advice when he wasn't drunk; but Goldsmith heeded it not. Bohemians have some virtues, doubtless, but they are not such as you, my dull friend, can appreciate, and, for that matter, neither can I.

Do not suppose that I am in favour of measureless dullness. I like it with limitations, and Shakspeare's good man Dull, who spoke no word "nor understood none neither," is not after my heart. I like gleams of sense, or how shall I be appreciated?—and a few words now and then from my smoke-loving companion in the opposite chair, or how can I strengthen my faith in the soothing qualities of dullness? J. D.

The Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated the new parish church of Walmer on April 5.

Through the energy and zeal of the clock committee, of which Mr. C. F. Hart is chairman, a clock has been placed in the tower of St. James's Church, Devizes. The tender selected was that of Mr. J. W. Benson, clock-maker to the Queen. Ludgate-hill, London, who has made a clock specially suited to the tower. All the latest improvements have been introduced.



A GANG OF ASSASSINS STARTLED BY BUTTERFLIES.

DRAWN BY LOUIS WAIN.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mr. Walter John Coney, late of Braywick Grove, near Maidenhead, Berks, who died on Jan. 17 last, intestate, a bachelor without parent, brother, or sister, were granted on March 28 to Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas William Parish Lrbalmondriere, the uncle and one of the next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £87,000.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1887) of Mr. Henry John Parry, late of Heathside, Wimbledon-common, who died on Jan. 24 last, was proved on March 29 by Alfred Ashdown, Thomas Moss Chessman, William John Crump, and Miss Emily Elizabeth Parry, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator, after bequeathing a few legacies, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his two daughters, Emily Elizabeth and Constance Mary.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1876), with four codicils (dated Nov. 29, 1879; Feb. 6, 1884; and Nov. 23 and Dec. 14, 1886), of Mrs. Anna Maria Tinney, widow of the late Mr. William Henry Tinney, Q.C., one of the Masters in Chancery, formerly of No. 31, Montagu-place, Russell-square, afterwards of Clifton, and late of Snowdenham, Torquay, Devon, who died on Feb. 20 last, was proved on April 4 by Hugh Frederick Jackson, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £47,000. The testatrix bequeaths very many and considerable legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, and to servants and others; and there are numerous specific gifts of pictures. She also bequeaths £200 each to the Consumptive Hospital (Porquay), the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children (Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields), and for the benefit of the National Schools (Ella-combe); and £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the Foundling Hospital. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to Henry Stevens and William Elliott. The testatrix directs that her horses, at her death, are to be put out of the way as painlessly as possible.

The will (dated July 5, 1884), with a codicil (dated Dec. 31, 1887), of Mr. Robert Davidson, formerly Physician-General of the Madras Army, late of Cheltenham, was proved on March 27 by Michie Forbes Davidson, the brother, and Captain Francis Joseph Pitt, R.N., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. Subject to some legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his four daughters, their husbands and children.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1836), with a codicil (undated), of Mr. Mark Mills, late of Lee Lodge, Lee, Kent, who died on Jan. 5 last, at Cannes, was proved on March 23 by Miss Lydia Rogers, one of the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all his furniture, books, pictures, plate, personal effects, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Letitia Mills; the further sum of £100 to her to distribute among her sisters to purchase mementos of him; an annuity of £150 to his brother Alfred; and £100 each to Sophia Deane and his executrix, Miss Rogers. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay out of the income such sum to his wife as with what she is entitled to under their marriage settlement will make up £1300 per annum; £250 per annum to his sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Adams, during the life of his wife, and the remainder of the income to his wife; at his wife's death £3000 is to go as she shall by

will appoint; one half of the ultimate residue to his sister, Mrs. Adams, for life, and then to her two children, Edith and Frederick William; and the other half of the ultimate residue to his nieces and nephew, Maria Woodley, Mary Augusta Mills, and John Henry Wackerbath.

The will (dated July 14, 1873) of Major-General Thomas Brougham, late of Penrith, Cumberland, who died on Feb. 29 last, was proved on March 26 by Mrs. Mary Montgomerie Brougham, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £17,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife; and legacies to his sister, niece, nephews, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then for his sisters, Mrs. Matilda Docker and Mrs. Isabella Hay Murray, for their lives; and then for the children of his said sister, Mrs. Docker.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissary Court of Aberdeenshire, of the will (dated April 12, 1887) of Sir Francis William Grant, Bart., late of Monymusk, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on Dec. 13 last, was sealed in London on March 20. The testator bequeathed to the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary, King-street, London, £1000; to the Governors's Benevolent Institution, £1000; to the trustees of an ancient fund created in 1787 by the testator's great-grandmother, Dame Jean Grant, £1000 for the benefit of the poor of Monymusk. The testator gives legacies of £500 each to his three executors, and after giving such parts of his library books, pictures, &c., as his widow should not select, to his cousin, Sir Arthur Grant, the present Baronet, the testator gives all the rest of his real and personal estate to his widow.

NOVELS.

Uncle Bob's Niece. By Leslie Keith. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—The "Uncle Bob" of this lively story is an elderly Scotchman, Mr. Burton, who has gathered a big heap of gold in Australia and California, and has made an adopted daughter of his pretty orphan niece, Tilly Burton, from the sequestered North-country village of Lilliesmuir. Coming to London, in perfect rustic ignorance of the world of fashionable society, they frankly make acquaintance with persons met at their hotel near Charing-cross, and at the boarding-house of Madame Drave at Brompton. Accident, however, brings in their way two young men, one of whom, John Temple, a clerk in a bank and a fine, true, good fellow, is Tilly's first cousin, previously unknown to her, being a son of Uncle Bob's sister, but his father and mother are dead. The other is Fred Temple, a cousin to John but not to Tilly, and a Government-office clerk addicted to social pretensions of a type and class above his pecuniary means. John is, of course, the sincere lover of Tilly for her own sake, while Fred has an eye to the large fortune that her uncle may be expected to give her. The situation is completed by the different influences of several people, who soon become intimate with the credulous, obstinate, but affectionate old man, doomed to be the victim of an intriguer, and with the artless, courageous, amiable country girl. A polite and plausible German financier, Mr. Paul Behrens, misleads Uncle Bob into a speculation by which he is brought near the danger of losing all his money; but sudden death, from heart disease, just saves him from signing documents that would have been fatal to his niece's prospects of wealth. As he had favoured the suit of Fred Temple, and as Tilly had been urged to comply with her

uncle's wishes, in spite of her attachment to Cousin John, the temporary uncertainty of her inheritance, after her uncle's decease, allows the pair of true lovers a clear space for recognising their mutual affection, while Fred betakes himself to a gay and heartless widow, Mrs. Percy Popham, living in a showy style at Prince's-gate. The inmates of the boarding-house form a collection of amusing variety of characters; Miss Honoria Walton, an independent lady with some knowledge of the world, who is Tilly's useful friend; Mr. Sherrington, the studious and laborious but unappreciated literary man, with his devoted wife; Major Drew and Mrs. Drew, shrewd from their Anglo-Indian experience; the frigidly censorious Mrs. Moxon, and others of minor importance. On the whole, this novel is good comedy, and will be found pleasant reading.

Virginia Tennant. By the Author of "Christina North." Two vols. (Hurst and Blackett).—The daughter of Colonel Tennant, when he goes to Egypt on active service, destined not to return, becomes an inmate of the house of her aunt, Mrs. Stansfield, a worldly-minded, intriguing dowager, with an estate and mansion left under peculiar conditions. She has been the late Mr. Stansfield's second wife, and has a daughter Emmeline, a son Hartley, and another son, Jack, who is a schoolboy; but there is an elder son of Mr. Stansfield by his first wife; and he, Norton Stansfield, though living in the same house, is not on very good terms with his stepmother. The place is hers during her life; but Norton has, under his father's will, a legal claim to remain there and manage the property; and, if he should be married at the time of her death, the succession would pass to him; but, if not, to his half-brother, young Hartley. This situation is the key to a story very tolerably contrived, the chief interest of which, as may readily be imagined, lies in the possibility of a mutual attachment being formed between Norton Stansfield and Virginia Tennant, notwithstanding the manoeuvres of her selfish aunt to prevent such an inconvenient consummation. For Norton, a grave man of reserved mood and studious habits, who often takes his meals in his library, and avoids general society, might not look farther for a wife. On the other hand, Virginia being an heiress, it must seem to Mrs. Stansfield desirable that she should marry Hartley, as well as that she should not marry Norton, whom Mrs. Stansfield would even hope to drive away by the disappointment of his regards for this girl. The reader will sympathise with Virginia's annoyance from Hartley's feeble impertinence, and from other disagreeable circumstances in her aunt's family, the pleasantest member of which is the amusing, tricky schoolboy, Virginia's natural ally. Her French governess or companion is rather *de trop*, though respectable for her fidelity amidst the domestic conspirators, spies and eavesdroppers and prying peepers at letters. One feels pleased that their machinations are defeated by the resolution and sagacity of Norton, while the sincerity of his affection is proved by the loss of Virginia's fortune; but the subsequent temporary misunderstanding between the newly-married couple, with Virginia's flight to France, is scarcely justified by the circumstances; and we doubt whether she deserves so good a husband after all. The most forcible parts of this story are the passages that show the malicious cunning of the elder Mrs. Stansfield, especially in her mean and cruel trick of leaving Virginia alone in the house, with a view to discredit her character and to misrepresent her relations to Norton. The character of Miss Stansfield, with her cynical humour covering a steadfast veracity and disapproval of her mother's intrigues, comes out effectively upon several occasions.

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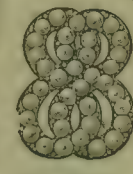
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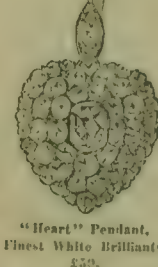
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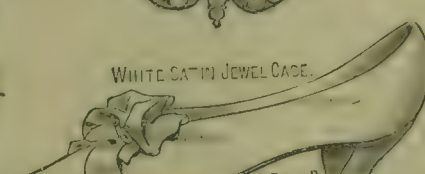
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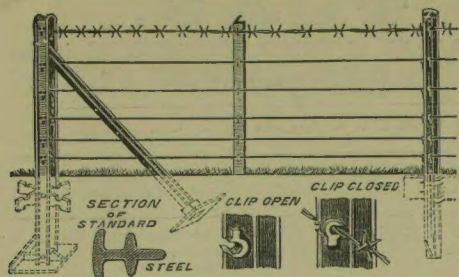


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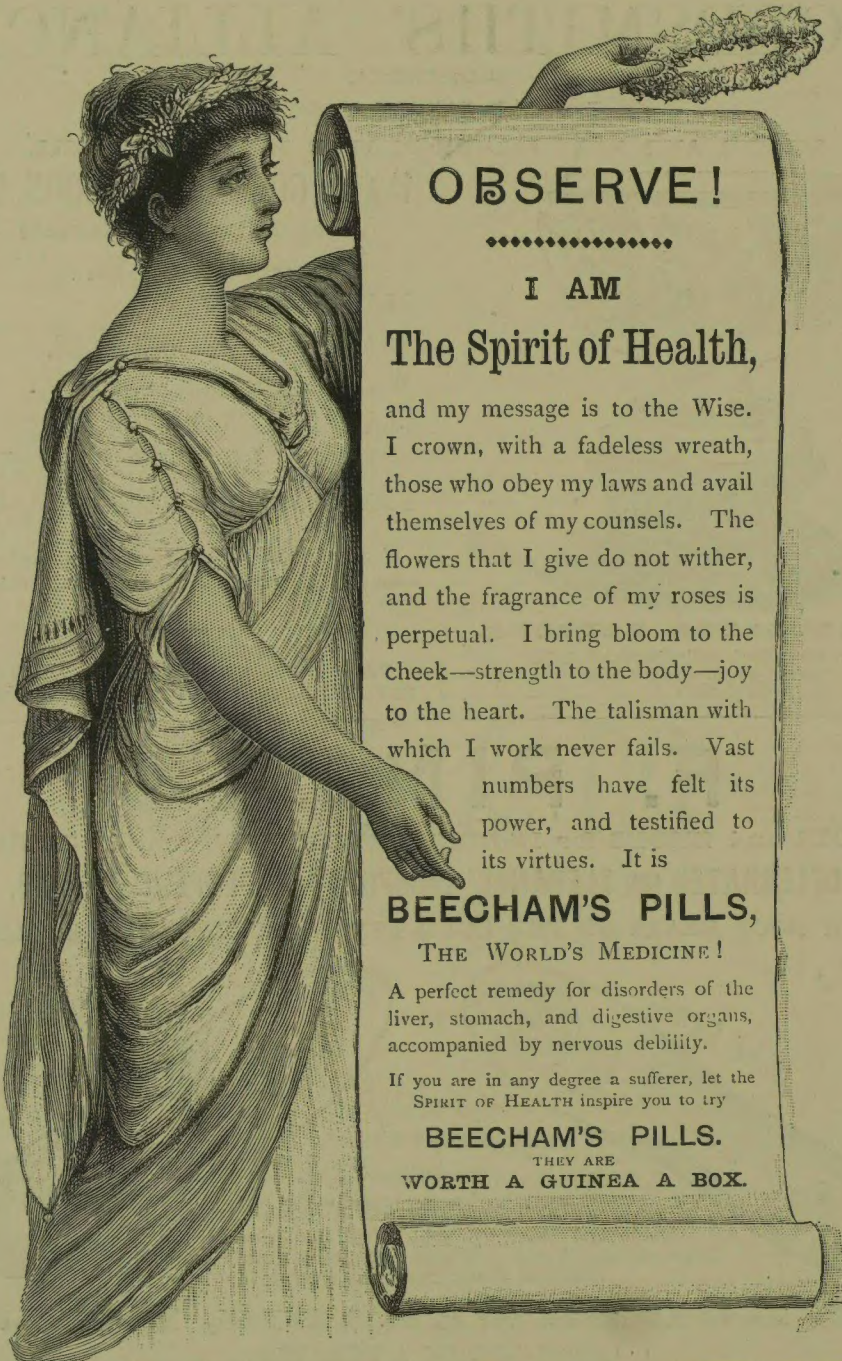
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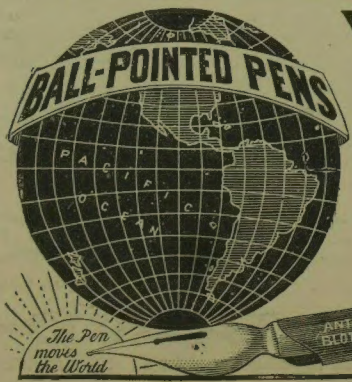


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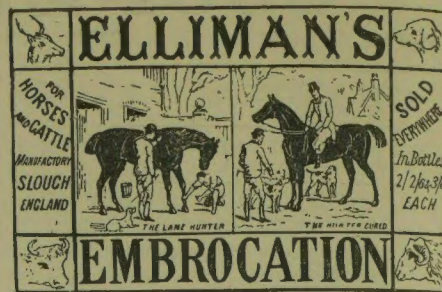
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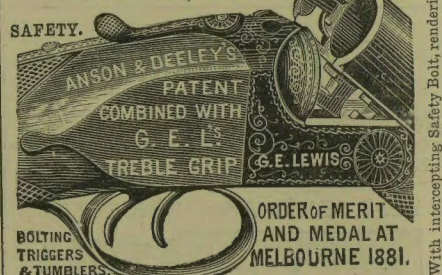
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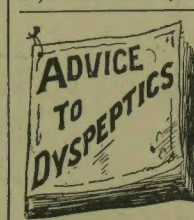
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The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

THE ERUPTION OF TARAWERA MOUNTAIN, NEW ZEALAND.

The extraordinary outburst of volcanic activity which startled the southern world in June, 1886, has been succeeded by a long period of calm, which we learn by the latest news from New Zealand shows signs of being broken by fresh disturbances. Tarawera Mountain, which has been comparatively quiet for the last six months, is again terrifying the inhabitants of the surrounding country by emitting dense volumes of steam and smoke; while at the adjacent geysers of Whakarewarewa the height of the jets has been nearly doubled, and black mud and rocks have been hurled into the air, instead of the usual clear boiling water. Along the whole line of craters of Rotomahana the steam holes have been particularly active, and vast clouds of steam have been constantly hanging over the fissures, in the same way that was seen at the great eruption of June 1886.

Our Sketches show the appearance of the district during the last few months. It was a long time after the eruption before anything accurate could be found out about the amount of damage done, but for several months the district has been open to the explorer who minds neither hard work nor fatigue. Yet very few people have been able to see more than a very small portion of the scene of the eruption, as the excursions have to be made in one day as a rule. Our Sketches were made during an expedition of several days, camping on the mud at the base of Tarawera Mountain itself, and ample time was given to explore the numerous craters.

The mountain, generally known as Tarawera, consists of three peaks—Tarawera, Ruawahia, and Wahanga. Through these peaks is a long line of craters, on the very summit of the mountain, and extending from one end of the range to the other. The sides of the craters have been constantly falling in for the last few months, and the depth has been materially lessened, but some of them are yet about 400 ft. deep. Our Sketch No. 2 represents the line of craters as seen from the Tarawera end.

The "Rotomahana Rent," as it is called, is a continuous line of craters, extending for nearly five miles. Several of these have never ceased their activity since the first outburst, and are now reported to have increased greatly in vigour. We believe the extent of damage done, and the immense area of ground affected by the eruption, have never been appreciated by people in England; but the fact that over 6000 square miles of country were covered with mud and ashes, varying from a few inches to about 200 ft. in depth, in a few hours, gives a very good idea of the magnitude of the volcanic force. Fifteen miles away the forest trees were killed and broken down by the weight of the falling mud, and at still greater distances every leaf was stripped from the trees and every sign of life erased. We can but hope that there is not to be a repetition of the eruption of June, 1886.

NEW BOOKS.

The Bastille. By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—French democracy intends, we have heard, on July 14, 1889, to commemorate the capture of the Bastille by the populace of 1789, with a centenary festival of which that occasion is scarcely worthy. It was regarded by our ancestors, on the eve of the Revolution, as an event of grand political significance; and it may historically rank with the destruction of the cargo of taxable tea in Boston Harbour, on Dec. 16, 1773, which gave the signal for the American Revolution. But the conduct of the affair, as a separate incident, was really not such a tremendous feat of popular force and valour as it has been supposed. Mr. Carlyle's rhapsodical description is amazingly unlike the fact, which the authentic account reduces to the surrender of M. de Launay, the governor, with his garrison of 114 men, after a mere formal show of defence, having neither ammunition nor rations of food, nor guns that could be used, nor any hope of relief. The capture of Newgate Jail, in the Gordon Riots, might as well be magnified into a mighty exploit of civil war; but the savage massacre that followed the taking of the Bastille was of ill omen for the character of the Parisian insurgents. What was proved, however, by the fall of this ancient State prison was the extreme weakness of the Royal Government, under Louis XVI.; the lack of control over the municipality of Paris, and the dissolution both of civil and military authority from preceding causes. The Bastille was demolished as a monument of despotic tyranny; and it could not, like the Tower of London, demand preservation for the sake of memories associated with any national glories. Captain Bingham has compiled, from the researches of the late M. Ravaisson in its archives, and from various contemporary memoirs and other books, a rather discursive narrative and commentary, in which we find notices of the successive governors of the Bastille, from 1382, when it was constructed, to 1789, and many curious anecdotes of the State prisoners. The "Building"—which is all that "Bastille" means—was erected by Hugues Aubriot, Provost of Paris and Intendant of Finance in the reign of Charles VI. It served originally as a fortress to overawe the turbulent people of Paris, and to guard the passage between the city and the Château of Vincennes, which was often the King's residence. A quadrangle inclosed by walls 10 ft. thick and 60 ft. high, with eight four-storey round towers 70 ft. high at its sides, contained several houses and courtyards, the whole giving accommodation to about one hundred persons. The prisoners, who were scarcely ever more than fifty at a time, mostly lodged in the towers; it is believed that the dungeons were seldom used. Although, to our notions of political justice, it is abominable that the King should have been able to send any man to prison by mere "lettre de cachet," and this prerogative was often grossly abused for private purposes, it does not appear that those in the Bastille suffered more cruelties than those in the Tower of London. They were always very well fed, and their apartments, usually furnished at their own cost, were not uncomfortable, except that the rooms on the top floor were too hot in summer and cold in winter. The resident governors were men of high rank and character, noblemen or Marshals of France, and daily reports were made to the Minister of State, who exercised a strict superintendence. What offends us most in the history of the Bastille is the irresponsible manner in which Royal authority was applied sometimes to the gratification of personal vengeance, or to consult the wishes of an influential faction or family, as well as to remove persons obnoxious to the Court, or supposed to be dangerous either to the State or the Church. Their imprisonment, without trial or legal accusation, might be for a few months or years, or might continue through a long life, after the occasion had passed and been forgotten; and this seems the worst feature of the institution, but is most characteristic of the civil and political condition of France under the old Monarchy. English governors—namely, the eminent Sir John Falstaff and Lord Willoughby D'Eresby, two valiant warriors of Agincourt, held the Bastille from 1420 to 1436. The reader acquainted with French history will be prepared to follow Captain Bingham's account of the frequent employment of this prison in the reigns of

Louis XI. and the Kings of the House of Valois, notably Francis I. and Charles IX., and during the plots and civil wars of the League; and in the seventeenth century, under the rule of Cardinal Richelieu, afterwards in the troubles of the Fronde, and under Cardinal Mazarin, and in the reign of Louis XIV. The celebrated case of that mysterious captive, "the Man in the Iron Mask," who was committed to this prison in 1673, was removed to Pignerol, to Exilles, and St. Marguerite, in the South of France, and was brought back to die in 1703 in the Bastille, supplies an interesting chapter. Another famous story is also related: that of the escape of De Latude and a companion from the Bastille, in 1756, by climbing a chimney and descending a rope-ladder to the ditch; this man, who had written injurious letters to Madame De Pompadour, was soon recaptured, and endured above thirty years' imprisonment. Among those placed in temporary confinement here, besides political intriguers of note and rank, were Madame Guyon, for her religious teachings; Voltaire, in his youth, for a personal quarrel; Crébillon the younger, and Marmontel, names of distinction in French literature. The present work contains also some particulars of the horrible torture in the execution of Damiens for an attempt to stab Louis XV., in 1757; of the unjust condemnation of Lally, who had governed the French possessions in India; the remarkable affair of the Diamond Necklace, Cagliostro and the Cardinal De Rohan, and other transactions already familiar to an ordinary reader. The final overthrow of the Bastille is correctly related, but not in a picturesque or animated style. Only seven prisoners were found in the grim old building, some of whom were persons accused of forgery; one of the others was an Englishman, and one had been imprisoned forty years. We cannot feel any regret for the demolition of the Bastille.

Dethroning Shakspeare. A Selection of Letters, &c., with Notes and Comments by R. M. Theobald, M.A. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The responsibility for this alarming title belongs to the *Daily Telegraph*, in which, from Nov. 25 to Jan. 7, the letters and editorial articles were published that are now collected by Mr. Theobald, honorary secretary to the "Bacon Society." We do not understand that the Bacon Society, or its official spokesman on this occasion, is prepared to stake its claims upon the alleged discovery, by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, an ingenious American, of a very curious piece of secret writing, supposed to lie in cipher among the typographical oddities visible on certain pages of the folio of 1623. The *Daily Telegraph* gave some account of Mr. Donnelly's proposition, we believe, without being prompted thereto by the Bacon Society; and this led to a discursive controversy on the various arguments for and against the probability that Bacon may, in a greater or less degree, have participated in the composition of the plays. As Mr. Donnelly's work is not yet published, though Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have announced it to be in preparation, we think it fair and convenient to reserve any judgment that may have to be pronounced on the "cryptogram." It is a very singular story that Mr. Donnelly claims to have revealed concerning Bacon, Cecil, Queen Elizabeth, and the man William Shakspeare, whose name, thus spelt, is to be distinguished from "Shakespeare," the name in which the first collection of the plays was printed. The cryptogram and its story may prove to be a mare's nest, or a hoax, without at all lessening the cumulative weight of reasonable inferences, if such there be, drawn either from the circumstances under which some of the plays were provided, originally, for the mere use of the theatre; from internal evidence of mixed authorship in some parts; from Bacon's position, at a certain time of his life, and from his literary tastes and acquirements; above all, from the vast number of close correspondences, in phrase and in thought, between passages of the plays and some of Bacon's private as well as public writings. To examine these matters, without prejudice or personal partisanship, with no idea of detracting from the fame of our greatest poet, would be a task of some interest and profit; and, since it is already beyond doubt that the work of several hands contributed to the materials adapted to the stage by William Shakspeare, his renown could not suffer by proof that one contributor was so great a man as Bacon. With a view to this inquiry—apart from the extremely repulsive and fantastic notion that William Shakspeare, instead of being the master mind, the supreme creative genius, the life-giving poet, the true author of all that is best in his reputed works, received them from Bacon, and lent his own name to a gross deception from venal motives—it has long seemed to us worth while to keep open the question of a possibility that Bacon may have had a hand in several of the plays. Mr. Theobald's little volume contains, besides the two very able articles of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the letters on both sides concerning the Donnelly cipher story, a good deal of incidental discussion, some of it by leading members of the Bacon Society, and by their distinguished opponents, dealing with subsidiary issues which deserve more serious consideration. Those readers who are disposed to ask, simply, whether it is probable or even possible that Bacon was at some time in communication with Shakspeare, and that he furnished more or less assistance to the construction of some plays—a purely hypothetical assumption which need not be offensive to the worshippers of our great poet—may find grounds in Mr. Theobald's labours for an impartial study of the subject. We regret that this inquiry has not yet been approached in a critical spirit. The journal of the Bacon Society, of which five or six Numbers have been published by Messrs. R. Banks and Son, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, gives information of the recent phases of the controversy, which has been going on more than thirty years. But its most valuable result has been the printing for the first time, in 1883, of Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," from the MSS. in the Harleian Collection, edited by Mrs. Henry Pott—a work of great importance, in any case, to the study of Elizabethan literature, and one which throws much light on the private studies and mental habits of Bacon. Could Bacon ever have lent it to Shakspeare? Can we say that he did not? How is it that we have, in Bacon's handwriting, in the manuscript found at Northumberland House, the names of these two men, intermixed with much loose scribbling about plays and literary matters? If they knew one another, it is a fact of the greatest interest, for they were two of the greatest of Englishmen; and we should be gratified by any substantial proof of the fact. William Shakspeare will not be "dethroned"; but Francis Bacon may sit higher than the place he has yet occupied, if he can be put anywhere, in subordinate connection, by the side of the unique and universal poet. Meantime, the Baconians may justly complain when uncivil words are used to their personal injury, though some of their own sect have indulged in a spirit of unbecoming arrogance. The "uncouth, illiterate rustic" of Stratford, the "parvenu" and "impostor" of London in Elizabethan days, who is compared to "Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse," has still friends among us who do not like to hear Shakspeare so unhandsonely reviled.

The bronze statue of the late Bishop of Manchester, executed by Mr. Woolner, R.A., has been placed on the marble pedestal in the Albert-square, Manchester.

A PRIMROSE IDYLL.

Now is the time when the country children go forth into the woods and the lanes, the alleys green and bushy dells, to gather "bowpots" of what is, I think, their favourite flower; returning home, after happy hours spent in seeking and finding, with their laps full of the curled leaves and pale yellow corollas of the primrose. This darling of the spring—one of the earliest-begotten of its children—is as common as are most of God's blessings, and few parts of England are so desolate as to lack its chaste, sweet beauty and delicious odour. But, like every other flower—and, for that matter, every bird—it has its choice nooks and corners, where it thrives more vigorously and multiplies more willingly than it does elsewhere. The reader has, I doubt not, some such fortunate spot in his mind's eye—some sheltered bit of Arcady—where, in the moist, clayey soil it most affects, it may be found, even in the chill opening days of the year, "mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green." How memory wanders back, in after times, to those "vernal bowers," and recalls every feature of the scenes which seemed so fair to us in youth, but are now, ah! ever so much fairer, because radiant in that strange magical gleam and glory of the imagination—"the light that never was on sea or land," existing only in the inner vision!

I remember an old orchard which lies sleepily in the green hollow of a long gradual declivity on the border of Shakspeare's land. The house to which it belongs—a many-gabled building, with high, peaked roofs and projecting oriels, over which the climbing rose and trailing clematis "hang out their banners" in the warm summer air—stands on the sunny side of a narrow lane: its spacious, sloping garden rising to the summit of the hill, where it is inclosed by tall elms and oaks, by drooping ash and fragrant lime, and brightened by a small piece of water, the banks of which are thickly set with rhododendrons, sweet-briar, wild cherries, and laburnums. As the aspect is to the southward, leaf and blossom are visible here when, on the further descent, the green and pink buds have not yet burst their bonds; and here the first primrose for miles around annually unfolds its early bloom. The orchard is full of mossy apple-trees, of pear and plum and cherry, which have borne a generous growth for many successive fruitages, and still appear of vigorous promise and lusty performance. About their feet lie the wild hyacinths in sheets of blue, and the lady cowslip springs up tall and comely among the lush grass, while the curving bank that shuts in the sunny basin on the north and east laughs with primroses! I have seldom seen them in greater abundance or with fairer looks than in this secluded orchard, where, I suppose, they may have bared their meek bosoms to the sunshine, and modestly welcomed the variable smiles of April, when the boy Shakspeare was gathering wild flowers on the banks of the neighbouring Avon.

I remember also a wooded glen on the east coast of Scotland—a bold, romantic glen, opening out on the grey mists of the Northern Sea—where these flowers flourish in such profusion as to cast a kind of pale golden halo over the rugged banks or cliffs that go down with so sudden a precipitousness to the loud burn brawling and brattling in the shade beneath. There are nooks, too, in that bland southern isle, which Keats, with a poet's feeling, would have re-named Primrose Island, almost ablaze with these beautiful blossoms—if, indeed, I may use so strong a word in connection with their exquisitely delicate colouring. In the chimes they blow and glow down to the very verge of the blue waters; and I bethink myself of a lovely inland "bit" near a certain old gabled manor-house, where they were accustomed to bud in fine prodigality, along with the wake-robin, wood-spurge, and wood-anemone. Then, again, one remembers ferny combs in Devonshire, and green coppices in Worcestershire, and leafy lanes and woody banks in Kent and Surrey, and beechen groves in Buckinghamshire, which are consecrated by their sweet presence, and are so happily filled with it, and made so lovely by it, and gather from it such a tender purity, that one must needs send up one's heart to Heaven in thankfulness for the liberal beauty thus spread before the eyes of men.

There are those, no doubt, to whom "a primrose by the river's brim" is—a yellow primrose, and "nothing more." Let no such men be trusted. For even the rustic, with his limited range of ideas, sees something in it beyond its cool green leaves and pale sulphur-yellow flowers—the peculiar tint of which is, I think, to be found in no other blossom; he sees there the memories of his early years, and the associations of their happy springtimes; the rambles in the dewy pastures; the posies plucked for the village beauty; all the hope and passion and joyousness of Youth. To most of us who have reached middle-age, it unlocks in the same way the storied volume of our past, and reminds us of the days that are no more, of the swift passage of the seasons, and of all that they brought and have taken with them. The botanical student looks at it with a learned eye, and informs you that its scientific name, *Primula vulgaris*, refers, like its English name, *prime-rose*, and its French name, *primevère*, to its early appearance and widespread distribution. And he adds—what, indeed, everybody knows in these days of educational activity—that there are five indigenous species; and that Ben Jonson's "lips of cows," and the oxlip, and the bird's-eye primrose are closely allied to it. And see, how surely the humble are exalted! For this modest flower is recognised as "the type" of the natural order Primulaceæ, to which belong plants apparently so remote from each other as the water-violet, the scarlet pimpernel of the fields, the yellow pimpernel of the woods, and the graceful cyclamen, which Walter Savage Landor favoured. And yet—to the Peter Bells of the world—"a primrose by the river's brim" is—just a yellow primrose, and "nothing more"! Turn, then, to the poets, and call to mind that it is one of the flowers with which Spenser proposes to deck Gloriana. Think of Herrick's "whimpering younglings"; of Perditia's "pale primroses that die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phoebus in his strength"; of the "rathe primrose" of Milton's "Lycidas"; of Wordsworth's "coy primrose of the rock." Turn to Beaumont and Fletcher, to Ben Jonson, to Goldsmith—but, obviously, for those who have eyes to see, a primrose is, after all, something more than—"a yellow primrose!" We may love, we must love the daisy and the violet; but I think our best affections are given to the primrose, in which lie hidden those thoughts that are "too deep for tears." A cynical French proverb says, "Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse"; but O friend, believe me, there is not an atom of truth in it! It must have been invented by some worn-out man of the world, amidst the lees of the banquet and the hollow laughter of shameless women and reckless profligates. Nothing which bears the Divine mark can fatigue the healthy mind or pure heart; and nothing which comes from the Everlasting can wholly pass away. The primrose may be torn by cruel winds, and droop, and wither; but the sweet emotions and sacred aspirations which were treasured within its yellow chalice shall still endure. It is only the outward shell and husk that pass; as the creed of the Christian reminds us at this Easter-tide, the inward soul—the spirit—lives, lives on, like the beauty and the benediction which God has sent us with the primrose—"arrayed in loveliness and shaped in love."

W. H. D. A.



1. The rent and craters on the top of the mountain. 2. The three peaks of Tarawera Mountain. 3. The Rotokiahana rent and craters, as seen from the top of Tarawera. 4. Smoking rock, 100 ft. high, near the site of Rotomahana Lake. 5. Tarawera from the south-west, showing three of the craters. 6. Side of the eastern crater, on Mount Tarawera. 7. Former site of Te Ariki, Lake Tarawera.

TARAWERA MOUNTAIN, NEW ZEALAND, SINCE THE ERUPTION.

FROM SKETCHES BY E. W. FAYTON.

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

Nineteenth Century.—The Americans are lectured by Mr. Matthew Arnold, who approves of their political constitution, on their indifference to "the human problem" of cultivating a taste for beauty and "distinction." Yet he has read Emerson, and must know of Hawthorne and Longfellow. The Russian cosmopolitan Socialist, Prince Kropotkin, prophesies the bursting of that world-bubble, manufacturing prosperity through foreign commerce. On the other hand, Lord Meath describes a model factory, in England, in so fair a light, that industry organised by a wise capitalist might seem compatible with the solution of "the human problem." The Rev. Dr. Jessop humorously expresses the contentment of a country parsonage when the snow blocks up its doors. Miss Dorothea Beale has a more hopeful notion of modern girls' high schools than Miss Sewell. The merits of the Yeomanry Cavalry are expounded by Lord Melgund, commanding the Border Mounted Rifles. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen reviews, in the main favourably, the recent treatise of Professor Max Müller on the origin of mental conceptions. Baron Ferdinand De Rothschild, in reply to a French writer, proves that the eighteenth century was a better time for England than for France. Ben Jonson's powers and defects as a dramatic poet are indicated by Mr. Swinburne with much discernment, but with a superfluous piling up of words in his declamatory style.

Contemporary Review.—Professor Max Müller's ardent eulogy of the new German Emperor finds a response in English opinion. "New Jacobinism and Old Morality" is Professor Albert Dicey's way of censuring a Liberal alliance with the Parnellites. The Rev. Dr. John Clifford sets forth the religious convictions of the English Baptists. In a "Glance at North Africa," Mr. Grant Allen contemplates with satisfaction the extension of European civilising influences by linking Morocco to the French dominion of Algiers. This article is followed by Canon MacColl's tirade against Mohammedanism, with abundant historical illustrations and citations. Mr. Arthur Arnold exposes the fallacy of Socialist remedies for the distress of the unemployed. The merits of "A Living Storyteller," Mr. Wilkie Collins, are exalted by his friendly critic, Mr. Harry Quilter. The demerits of the Irish landlords are delivered over to the avenging anger of Mr. Michael Davitt.

Fortnightly Review.—Practical measures for the reorganisation of the British Army still occupy the pen of Sir Charles Dilke. A pathetic little North-Country ballad, "The Tyneside Widow," is contributed by Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Our chilly spring weather inclines us to wish for a sojourn in the northern part of Portugal which Mr. Oswald Craufurd pleasantly describes. The Local Government scheme now before Parliament is severely condemned by Mr. T. Gibson Bowles. Mr. Edmund Gosse revives the romantic story of a Portuguese nun, beguiled and deserted by a French officer of high rank, in the seventeenth century. The short essay on caricature, and on the fantastic and grotesque in art and poetry, by Mr. Addington Symonds, is precise and scientific. Mr. Oscar Browning's estimate of the works of George Eliot is a thoughtful criticism. On the provision of healthy homes for the working classes, Mr. David Schloss makes practical suggestions. The geological processes of forming hills and mountains are explained by Mr. Richard Proctor. An article by M. Paul Bourget, on the æsthetics of scientific views of human nature, with regard to their treatment in poetry, is published in French.

National Review.—The reform of the House of Lords is discussed by the Hon. G. N. Curzon, M.P., with ingenious discrimination. Mr. A. C. Champneys reviews the queer fancies about the personal apparition, habits, and manners of the Devil in the Middle Ages. Mistaken notions of the kind of agricultural instruction to be given in special colleges and schools are corrected by Professor Wallace. A short poem, by Mr. Alfred Austin, hails the throats as the "March minstrel." Lord Lymington blows a rallying-note for the Liberal Unionists. The philosophical physiognomist, Lavater, is not highly appreciated by Mr. Arthur Benson. The alleged increase of drunkenness in India is dealt with by Mr. C. T. Buckland. The Bishop of St. Andrews comments on the Odes of Pindar, and compares the Greek with the English practice of athletics. Mr. Proctor expounds the mathematical doctrine of chances. Lord Pembroke answers Mr. Cripps on the question of Protectionist policy.

Westminster Review.—Another appeal for equitable international copyright is addressed to the United States. There is an interesting sketch of the life of that attractive lyrical and satirical genius, Heinrich Heine. The incidence of local and imperial taxation is a subject of inquiry. An account is given of the Spanish discovery, in 1567, of the Solomon Islands, in the equatorial region of the West Pacific. The personal memoirs of Rochefort, a loose hanger-on of Cardinal Mazarin, are scarcely worth translating. Those who care for the internal politics of South Africa may find information about the railway and tariff negotiations between the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State. A delusive air of profundity surrounds the dissertation on "Daltonism in Ethics," which means colour-blindness to some moral principles of action.

Blackwood's Magazine.—The beginning of a new story, called "A Stiff-necked Generation," accompanies the conclusion of Mrs. Oliphant's "Joyce." Mr. Coutts Trotter furnishes a good description of the Fiji Islands from his recent visit. The old domestic condition of Scotland is reviewed from the memoirs of Ramsay of Ochtertyre, lately edited by Mr. Alexander Allardyce. A zealous advocate of British interference in Central Africa insists on forcible measures to carry out the presumed ideas of Emin Pasha. Madame Gerard's interesting book on Transylvania is agreeably reviewed. Mr. W. Morris Colles supplies an exact account of the regulations and disputes regarding the North Sea fisheries. Colonel Maurice once more demands a great and speedy augmentation of the British Navy.

Murray's Magazine.—The minute description of our railway traffic working, by Mr. W. M. Acworth, is extended to the Great Northern, North-Eastern, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire lines. Lord Brabourne writes on land and tithes; Miss Rose Kingsley on high schools for girls. A lady's observations on a tour in Ireland are those of the lively travelling writer known as Miss Isabella Bird. The boyhood of Prince William, now Crown Prince of Germany, is illustrated with a few anecdotes by his English tutor. A ballad on a Swedish legend, by Sir John Savile, is indifferent poetry. Miss Edith Siebel contrasts the tone and mood of Mr. Walter Besant as a philanthropic novelist, with the author of "Demos" and "Thyrza." The Morocco boar-hunting reminiscences of Sir John Drummond Hay, and Mr. Corney Grain's performing reminiscences, come to an end. "A Counsel of Perfection" goes on.

Longman's Magazine.—The author of "John Herring" continues his tale of "Eve." Mr. Walter Besant discourses of the endowment of daughters, to save young women from sore drudgery on starvation wages. A weird poem by Miss Ingelow is entitled "Lost and Won." Our late weather-experiences have prepared many for an essay on cold winds, which is geographical and scientific. Indian snakes are described by

Mr. C. T. Buckland. Mrs. Parr's short story, "The Runaways," and chapters of "Uncle Pierce," by Mr. Blatherwick, are for readers of fiction.

Macmillan's Magazine.—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge sets forth the principles of the English laws of property. Mr. Henry James spins out his Franco-American story, "The Reverberator." The authentic history of Dr. Faustus is examined. Some questionable tendencies of modern Art are criticised by "Reflections in a Picture-gallery." Lessing's views of the drama are estimated with discernment. Mr. H. R. Tottenham defends the exclusion of women from high places in the University of Cambridge. "Chris," a story by Mr. W. E. Norris, is continued.

English Illustrated.—Professor Minto's "Ralph Hardelot" proceeds. The defeat of the Spanish Armada is illustrated by the reproduction of old plates and charts. The Dover road, in "Old Coaching Days," employs the pencils of Messrs. Hugh Thomson and Herbert Railton. Arundel Castle takes its place among "Old English Homes."

Woman's World.—Her Royal Highness Princess Christian, signing "Helena," writes of nursing as a profession for women. The accomplished Queen of Roumania (Princess Elizabeth of Wied in Germany), as a poetess, "Carmen Sylva," has a portrait and memoir. Among the contributors are Lady Pollock, on the drama as art; Mrs. Jeune, on the poor children of the city; Lady Fairlie Cuninghame, on a tour in Brittany; Miss Jane Harrison, on Greek vase-paintings of Sappho; and Miss Dorothea Roberts, on cookery schools at Berlin.

Atalanta.—The frontispiece is an illustration, by Mr. Heywood Hardy, of a romantic Scottish ballad. "The White Man's Foot," by Mr. Grant Allen, is a story of adventure on the great volcano of the Hawaiian Islands. Mr. Walter Besant gives wise advice to young ladies ambitious of writing novels. A new version, put in verse, of "The Fox and the Crow," is illustrated by Mr. Edmund Garnett with profuse sketches. Poetry, tales, literary criticism, and Dr. Hubert Parry's lessons of musical science, with prize essays and reports of classes, are given in this magazine for girls.

Time.—The duties of a private secretary to a statesman or leading politician are explained by one who has held such a post. Mr. Charles Wyndham's diary of his "David Garrick" acting tour in Germany is little more than professional self-advertisement. If reform of the House of Lords is to be in all the magazines, it will be something of a bore. "Blackmail on the Hearth" is an alarming title for Mrs. St. Leonards' complaint of bad household servants. Professor F. Pollock's lecture on Spinoza's moral teaching was delivered at Toynbee Hall. Lighter matter, but not new, is supplied by Madame Blazé de Bury's memoir of Beaumarchais. German industrial colonies for the unemployed, in Würtemberg and Bavaria, are usefully described by Mr. Conyngham Greene, of the diplomatic service. The comic and pathetic figure of Artemus Ward, a very good fellow, is revived by a friend's memory. Amateurs of financial science may study the successful conversion of the Three per Cents. Borough party politics are satirised in "A Great Moral Victory." Mr. Julian Corbett begins "Kophetua XIII.," a romantic extravaganza veiling some occult political satire.

Cornhill Magazine.—"In the Dark Continent" would seem an inappropriate title for a lively description of Algiers, which basks in the glare of French fashions, and the native part of which is less African than Oriental in aspect. Lovers of rural nature in England will be interested in the account of "Spring and Summer Birds." The compilation of Bradshaw's Railway Guide is examined with curious minuteness. A new story, "Mr. Sandford," is commenced; and Mr. G. Gissing proceeds with "A Life's Morning."

Gentleman's Magazine.—The gold-producing districts of Great Britain are noticed by Mr. J. A. Farrer without encouraging wild expectations. Mr. G. F. Hooper relates an incident of serious trouble in the life of Pepys: his unjust prosecution on a false charge. The conflict of the Flemings with the French in 1302 is the subject of an historical essay. Another article deals with the origin of playbills; another with St. Patrick. Professor J. W. Hales furnishes a critical review of the literature of the Victorian era.

London Society.—Miss Braddon adds three chapters to her growing story of "The Fatal Three." Mr. S. Laing, a grave author of large public experience, analyses the practice of boycotting. Fiction mainly holds the field with the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd's "Dear Lady Dorothy," the end of Mrs. Alexander's "Life Interest," Mrs. Edward Kennard's "Crack County," and two short stories.

The Century.—These American magazines, with their fresh topics and their fine engravings, are always welcome. "Bird Music" is an attempt to record the tuneful utterances of singing birds by musical notation. The history of American inventors and improvers of electric telegraphy, with portraits and diagrams, is instructive reading. In the political biography of President Lincoln, we have a stirring account of the temporary danger of a capture of the Federal capital at the outbreak of the war. "The Round-up" is a minute description of the rough work of cowboys in Montana and the adjacent region. A tour of Palestine is illustrated by many hands with views of places and figures. There is kindly humour in "Two Kentucky Gentlemen of the Old School."

Harper's Monthly.—"A Winter in Algiers," by F. A. Bridgman, presents some effective and interesting pictures. M. Coquelin's article on French acting, on authors for the stage, and dramatic critics, will be eagerly read by his admirers, while it throws light on an important part of Parisian social life. Alexandre Dumas, both "père" and "fils," Scribe, Victor Hugo, De Musset, Halévy, Sardou, Octave Feuillet, and Sarah Bernhardt appear in the gallery of portraits. The progress of the city of Columbus, in Ohio, is a notable piece of American local history. Minnesota and Wisconsin, both energetic and prosperous wheat-growing States, also receive attention. The United States' military school at Fort Leavenworth, in Missouri, seems worthy to be more widely known.

Scribner's Magazine.—European readers here get from New York an account of the Battle of Waterloo, with numerous local views by different artists. They also receive a good description of the British fortress of Gibraltar, which is equally well illustrated. Mr. W. P. Longfellow's learned essay on Greek vases is commended to students of antique art. Those who feel a stranger interest in the mighty development of the United States' Republic may contemplate the future of the region north-west of the Ohio, as the probable centre of its aggregate population. The invention, construction, and use of type-writers, described in one of the articles, must be of interest to us; but not so much the choice of American health resorts in summer.

Among the many excellent periodicals which we have not space, we much regret, to notice regularly, the *Leisure Hour* may be named for the variety and good quality of its literary contents, and the delicacy of its engravings. The frontispiece to the number for the present month, "A Little Farm well Tilled," is a fine specimen of the graver's art.

UNDER BEN LOMOND.

Whew! It is a cold night. A "snell wind," as the villagers call it, is coming down the loch, keen and icy, out of the north. No wonder Freckle the terrier was unwilling to leave her warm place on the hearth. But dog and man both will be the better for a tramp through the bracing air before turning in for the night, and the letters must be posted now if they are to go off in the morning. There is no need to carry the lamp. There is star-light enough to show the road, and the moon herself sometimes, like a golden pendulum, swings through the blue sky spaces. A soft mystic light, fit glamour for fairy revels, fills the birch coppice, which rises on the left with feathery tangle of withered grasses and fern; and listen! from the dim moor rising beyond comes the silvery, bell-like bleating of the deer. These wild creatures come down here from the mountains at night, and may be heard answering each other from hill to hill. Another sound—one! two! three! Far off among the deep woods on the right the bell at the Duke's stables is striking the hour—eleven o'clock. Besides these sounds there is only heard the bark of a dog at some distant farm, the faint rumble of the water-mill away in the hollow below, and the fitful rushing of the wind overhead among the trees.

Details like these come back to one's mind with strange sweetness in after years or in distant lands, for they are the memories of home. One of the letters, at least, posted safely now in the pillar-box, will carry with it a breath of such memories. It will be opened and read far away on the lonely wheat plains of Dakota.

A dreary life the poor fellows, its recipients, must live there, twenty miles from their nearest neighbour, and a day's ride from the doctor and the post-office: a dull and weary existence, it is to be feared, for young men accustomed to all the social enjoyments of a country house. They are not making much by their exile, either. Their land, it is true, they got for a very small sum; but the cost of reaching it was considerable; it had to be reclaimed and fenced; and they had to build a house upon it with their own hands. And now that the farm has been stocked at some expense, they find that a fortune is not to be made out of it, after all. They cannot starve, of course, so long as they remain upon their land; but the cost of getting produce to market prevents the making of money by their labour. For the finest wheat they cannot get four shillings per bushel of sixty pounds. All, indeed, that they have made out of their exile is a living, and that a hard one—four months of unremitting toil in summer, and eight long months of a lonely winter. They may well think it had been better to remain at home.

To most young men who are in receipt of a regular salary in this country the counsel of wisdom probably would be to remain where they are. Or, if a father has the power to forward his son on the beaten path of some recognised career, by all means let him do so. But if this be impossible, if a young man be thinking seriously of emigrating, he may very profitably compare the advantages of the simplest country life at home with the hardships of the emigrant's fate abroad. It is true, if one chooses to make his living in this country in some such simple way as may be pointed out, he must make up his mind to "rough it" to some extent, to do many things for himself which he may have been accustomed to find done for him. But these and many greater hardships he would require to face if he betook himself abroad to a settler's life; and when it comes to a choice of the two, there is little doubt that the home alternative will be found the pleasanter.

In most of the Scottish rural districts there are empty cots in plenty to be found, any of which will very well stand comparison with the log-cabin of the prairie settler. One of these might cost its tenant, at the most, five or six pounds a year; and, though humble enough to look at, might be made a very comfortable little home. There would be no difficulty in getting some good woman of the neighbourhood to set the house to rights once a day for a very few shillings per month, while the furnishing might cost the colonist just what he pleased—nine or ten pounds, if he were content with plain village woodwork and simple crockery; and his living, simple, of course, but wholesome and plentiful, might amount to ten shillings a week. In most districts he would find shops at hand, in the village, and butcher, baker, and grocer's carts passing near him every day.

The most important consideration, naturally, is the means of livelihood. Bee-keeping has been suggested as an industry conducted with great profit on the Continent, and capable, notwithstanding the slight difference of climate, of yielding very good results in this country. Many tons of honey are imported every year from California, and good home-honey can always be sold easily at about a shilling per pound. Twenty hives, costing say fifteen pounds sterling, should produce during a season about eight hundred pounds' weight of honey, and might be expected to double their own number in the same time. Any handbook on the subject would furnish the necessary information to begin with.

As a further resource the settler might rent very cheaply and fence in for himself a few acres of waste land by lochside or disused quarry, where in a few months, with little care, the friendly rabbit might become a regular source of income. A small colony of pigeons and barn-door fowls, too, though hardly favourable to the bees, might in time furnish something more than the eggs for their master's breakfast. Fruit-growing as well—a considerable item in the earnings of many of the villagers here—might be pressed into the service; and if the settler selected a cottage having currant and gooseberry bushes in the garden, with a little trouble he might make these pay his rent. He need find little difficulty in getting produce to market. The baker or grocer from whom he gets his provisions would be very willing to oblige in the matter of transport. Besides these means, if he had any taste for tool-work, he might earn something out of such an art as panel or bracket carving, and could easily find other remunerative occupations for himself.

Upon such means most of the villagers, after living a happy and honest though simple life, have managed to accumulate a goodly sum in the bank against old age. The kind of life described is humble enough—at least to begin with; but it need be none the less pleasant, for all that, and none the less likely to produce real nobility of character that it involves some necessity for self-dependence, economy, and invention. Better and manlier this, surely—a life in the sunshine and the mountain air—than the sickly and uninteresting toil of many a poor copying clerk; better far than the slavery of thousands of shop assistants working eighty-four hours a week in the reeking atmosphere of our cities.

The true glory of life does not lie in the pomp of its surroundings; and the sooner the majority of men discover this, the easier will be their road to happiness. No man need despair of owning a home of his own if his ambition is content with simple things. It is quite possible, moreover, for culture to exist in a cottage, and the civilisation of the city may more easily be transplanted to the thatched dwelling of a Highland strath than to a log-cabin on the western prairies. G. E.-T.